# HARPER'S WEEKLY
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## REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME, D.D.

Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., is well known from his long and successful editorship of the New York *Observer*. In this position his name has been frequently before the world, and also on the pages of a number of popular works of travels as well as of general literature, which he has from time to time published.

He is now in the prime of life, having been born at Ballston, in this State, on the 4th of November, 1812, and consequently at present is forty-five years of age.

His ancestry were men of note, whose names are found in the history of the Presbyterian Church in America. His great-grandfather, Rev. Ebenezer Prime, was a Presbyterian clergyman of ante-Revolutionary times, a graduate of Yale, and a distinguished scholar and divine. His grandfather was Dr. Benjamin Y. Prime, whose patriotic songs form part of the preserved poetry of the Revolution, an accomplished physician, a graduate of Princeton, and a man of varied learning, who wrote freely in Greek, Latin, French, and English, both poetry and prose.

His father, Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., deceased about two years ago, was also a graduate of Princeton, and well known for his scholarly abilities and pulpit eloquence, as well as for his published works. His recent life and death are remembered with affectionate veneration by a large circle of acquaintances and friends.

While he was yet in his infancy, the parents of Dr. Prime removed to Cambridge, Washington County, New York. It was here that his boyhood was spent. His rapid progress in study gave promise of future distinction. At eleven years of age he was fitted for college, but on account of his youth he was detained at home. Here he had, and improved, that opportunity of observation which he has turned to rare account in that little volume "The Old White Meeting-house," in which the pastor is his own father, and the roguish Richard is the portrait of his own boyhood. Few volumes descriptive of rural life possess a sweeter charm than these quaint pictures, in which the features of frolicsome but innocent youth, and of patriarchal grace, are so beautifully blended.

He was not yet fourteen years of age when he entered Williams College. Before he was seventeen he was graduated with one of the highest honors of his class.

He studied theology at Princeton, and before he was twenty-one years of age he entered upon the duties of the ministry. The first scene of his labors was at Ballston Spa, but a single year's service so affected his health that he was compelled to retire from active labors. After a while he resumed his efforts in the pulpit. His place of labor was on the Hudson, opposite Newburgh. For three years he was enabled to sustain the burden, but again his health failed. Constrained to relinquish his chosen field, he turned his attention to literature in connection with the press. In 1840 he became connected with the New York *Observer*, of which, with a slight interval, he has ever since been the efficient editor. This interval was that during which he was Secretary of the American Bible Society. To this post he was elected in 1849, but the public speaking which the duties of the office required affected his health and compelled his resignation.

In 1853 the repeated failure of his health induced him to try the advantages of foreign travel. He spent some time in Europe, visiting its principal cities, and its scenes of historical interest; thence passing to Egypt and the Holy Land. The incidents of his travels, with accompanying observations, appeared first in a series of letters in the columns of the *Observer*, and were afterward collected and published in two volumes by the Harpers. Few books of travels make the reader as thoroughly the companion of the author. He directs our attention to just those objects which would be most apt to interest our own minds, and in an easy and familiar style presents them before us.

Dr. Prime is the author of several works which have enjoyed a high degree of popularity. To some of these we have already adverted. His "Old White Meeting-house" will always be a favorite. It has something of that same tenderness and genial pathos which characterize Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Strokes of playful humor alternate with the breathings of a reverent spirit, and we have many a picture that would almost invite the pencil of the old painters.

Several smaller works have appeared from his pen, and have enjoyed extensive popularity. Their evident design is simply to do good. His "Thoughts on the Death of Children" has had a large sale, and has carried consolation and comfort to thousands of afflicted hearts. The reader needs no other assurance than what he finds in reading it, that its language of consolation to the mourner comes from one who has wept himself.

Dr. Prime is eminently if not ultra conservative, and has little faith in those more violent reformers who, like Mohammed, present their creed in one hand and the sword of vituperation in the other, and force a choice. His whole nature revolts at the imperious attitude of men who would revolutionize Church and State to execute their plans, and who would carry the fortress by storm. He has little sympathy with those who are so eager to "bear testimony" against the sins of their neighbor as to forget their own. He is willing to trust far more to the slow but steady progress of Christian truth and Gospel influence. These, in the eyes of some, are mortal sins, and in the case of Dr. Prime we believe them to be both original and actual, nor do we imagine that he would shrink from the imputation. Flash reform, flash preaching, flash any thing, is his especial abhorrence. We can scarce conceive of him as having any sympathy with quackery in medicine, pettifogging at the bar, or empiricism in the pulpit or the senate. He is a sentinel to let no kind of pretense pass till it can give the watch-word. Rash intermeddling with established institutions finds no favor at his hands. If you wish to rouse all the chivalry of his nature, denounce them. Impeach the wisdom of the fathers by the substitution of your own; commend the Emersonian or Theodore Parker school; vent your transcendentalism about the absolute religion or universal conscience; insinuate your skepticism under a scientific or any other guise, put in a plea for Puseyism, Neology, or rampant Abolitionism, and if your stupidity or ignorance is not beneath contempt, you will find that you have a serious account to settle. Prompt as Knightly Paladin for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre, he is ready to do battle for what he deems sacred, and the mask of any pretended liberality is mercilessly torn off.

In controversy he is earnest. He speaks direct and to the point. You feel that he is not playing a game of fence. Every word strikes home. With quick sagacity he sees the vulnerable point of his antagonist, and rarely misses his aim. If you have any doubt of it, you have only to see his victims squirm. Right or wrong, the blow has told. He has not been demolishing scarecrows or wind-mills. What he has said is sure to provoke an answer, if that be possible. Yet he is by no means bent on prolonging controversy. He has no disposition to make a martyr of his victim. He knows just when enough has been said, and is not anxious to have the last word. When a subject has been sufficiently discussed, he is content to let it alone severely. Indeed, one would be surprised to find in a year's review so small a bulk of controversial matter in his columns. Much even of this is due to the merciless manner in which his views are handled by opponents. It would be strange if the provocation to which he is subjected did not sometimes induce, on his part, some asperity of language scarcely in keeping with the tone of his other writings or his private character. As little as this is to be commended, there are few of his opponents that would be authorized to cast the first stone, nor do we believe that even among them

REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME, D.D.—[Photographed by Brady.]

would be found a severer critic of what escaped him in the heat of disputation than himself.

Meet him at the dinner-table or in the social circle, and you would scarcely recognize the man on whom fanatical reformers have heaped the odium of an Ishmael. You would see nothing indicative of the tomahawk or scalping-knife. You would meet no frowning brow; you would hear no biting speech or latent sarcasm; you would see a man, perfectly self-possessed indeed, but withal a gentleman of almost chivalrous courtesy. There would be no *hauteur* of manner, no affected condescension, but a cordial affability, an almost feminine gentleness of manner that would leave no room for your preconceived ideal of the unrelenting controversialist. If you have a good story to tell, you may be sure he will listen to it, enjoy it with a hearty laugh, and pay back your silver with gold. His conversational resources are ample and promptly at command. He abounds in anecdote; is ready at repartee; and never proses or flags. Few men have seen more of the world, or have had better opportunities for observation. There is scarce a notability of the day, scarce a scene of history or of nature, with which he has not in some way come in contact. His acquaintance with the Old World is from personal inspection, and his scrutiny of passing events is keen and sagacious. All these acquisitions are at the call of a ready memory, and a disposition eminently social. He is thus fitted to grace those scenes in which he delights to mingle. Few men have warmer admirers or more devoted friends. Indeed, the seeming contrast between the character occasionally assumed in controversy, and the more appropriate and natural one which belongs to him in social life, reminds us of Homer's hero, who terrifies his child by his "glittering helmet," but wins the young heart again by a father's smile when the helmet is laid aside.

Dr. Prime's style varies, of course, with the subject discussed. But, except in controversy, it is characterized by an unstudied ease and simplicity, often blending the tender or pathetic. An occasional stroke of playful humor relieves the gravity of the subject, or invests it with new attraction.

As a speaker, Dr. Prime is easy, graceful, and impassioned. Unassuming in manner, he is yet perfectly self-possessed, and speaks directly to the point in hand. His person is of about medium height, his head bald on the front and top, but intelligence is strongly stamped upon his whole aspect, and the quick movement of his eye as he sweeps his audience with its penetrating glance, indicates his perfect readiness to meet the emergency, and his clear apprehension of what the occasion demands.

In the pulpit he has great and remarkable power in absorbing the attention of his audience, and carrying them with him. His style of sermonizing is that which appeals to the heart, and his power of pathos is always irresistible. Few clergymen are so successful in winning tears from eyes "unused to weep." There is no denunciation, no clap-trap, no catching illustration in his style, but there is a thrilling and engrossing power which leads the hearer to fix his eyes on the preacher, and his heart on the subject, until he is melted to the tenderness which all men know best befits the man who would know what to do for his soul.

Few men have ever manifested a deeper interest in whatever conduces to the moral and social improvement of the community than Dr. Prime. Institutions of benevolence, charity, moral reform, and general intelligence, receive his warm sympathy and ready advocacy. For ten years he was a resident of the city of Newark, and to him probably more than any other the "Newark Library Association" owes its existence and prosperity. "His course during his residence in Newark," says one of a different ecclesiastical connection from himself, "was characterized by never-failing interest in all things promotive of the well-being of society, as well as by that consistent walk in public and private life, and active participation 'in every good word and work,' which are among the chief credentials of the Christian gentleman."

Few men can be found whose labors with the pen occupy so many hours of each successive day, and fewer thus engaged find so much leisure for varied literary and social recreation. Yet instead of sinking under his burden or becoming crushed by its weight, his spirits are ever elastic and fresh for renewed effort. Applications for addresses and discourses, which others in similar circumstances would feel themselves forced to decline, are frequently met with great promptitude, indicating the sprightly energy of a mental constitution incapable of indolence, and to which the highest activity is welcome and congenial.

In the full maturity of his intellectual powers, with renovated constitution, and a leader of the conservative religious press of the country, his career of usefulness seems to be only just begun, and the religious world looks to him as one of its great hopes in the war with infidelity and error which now seems to lie before us.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

## THE CONVENTION.

WE have referred, in one or two previous articles, to the subject of the approaching Convention to reform our State Constitution. We have spoken of the effects produced by the Constitution of 1846 upon the Central Power of the State, and upon the Judiciary. Let us now look a little at the *Administration* of the Law.

Pope has somewhere a famous couplet to the effect that only fools dispute about a form of government; that the proper *administration* of the ruling power is the only thing that sensible men should look after. However this proposition may be in regard to government generally, it certainly contains a world of wisdom in regard to the matter of Public Justice, and especially of Civil Justice.

Whether the system be the Common Law of the time of Mansfield, or of to-day, the Civil Code of France, the organization of Massachusetts or of New York, it is undeniable that results substantially good can be produced under either of them, if honestly and intelligently administered; and that neither can produce any thing but confusion, vexation, and distress, unless fairly and ably carried out.

What we call the Law is, to a great extent, a collection of abstract rules; and it is not half so important what the rule is, as that it should be promptly, intelligently, and honestly applied.

Now, what we want is a proper *administration* of justice. We have had innumerable reformers of the law—enough for half a dozen centuries. We have had change after change alike of our law and of our judicial system. We have had Chancery abolished, and the Common Law so metamorphosed that its own father would not know it. We have had a Commission to alter the Criminal Law; and, even now, a Commission is sitting which, with stupendous boldness, proposes, *for nothing*, to revolutionize the entire legislation of the State; the most obstreperous child of Young America is beginning to be sick of the very phrase, Law-Reform.

Now, in all this, there is no small danger that we shall lose sight of the fact that what we want is, above all things, a proper *administration* of justice. As we have said, the rule is not half so important as the application of the rule. Whether a demand shall be enforced in a court called a Court of Chancery, or before a tribunal called a Court of Law; whether a claim shall be presented by a thing called a bill, a complaint, or a declaration; whether the party who brings a suit shall call himself a plaintiff or a complainant, is not near so essential as that, when the claim is presented or the suit brought, it shall be decided honestly, intelligently, and promptly.

This will hardly be disputed; and yet we pay as little regard to this self-evident truth as if it had nothing on earth to do with the subject.

But if the Convention of 1859, or any other Convention, shall ever take hold of this great subject in the spirit which alone can produce any good results, the first thing they will do will be to pause for a while from our eternal tampering with the rule of right, and look a little after the application of the rule.

There are two things without which a judicial system in this State can never be any thing but a mortification and a failure. These are, *first*, such an arrangement of the system as shall insure to the people an able, and, above all, an independent Judiciary; and, *secondly*, a provision for reasonable modifications of the system from time to time without perpetual alterations of the Constitution.

How are these objects to be secured?

*First*, as to the Judiciary. In no way in the world can a really able or a really independent Judiciary be secured without a radical change in the *tenure* of judicial office. We may cut off districts, and annex districts, and gerrymander forever—we may contrive Supreme Courts and Courts of Appeal—we may elect, or appoint, or create Judges by tossing up coppers—we may do what we please, we shall never have a competent Judiciary until we make them feel strong in their seats—till they are strong in their seats.

The bar is now an undisciplined mob—full of talent, of energy, of learning; but nine-tenths of it is thrown away because the Judges have no real control. There is no check on bad manners—none on bad morals. There is no restraint—no order—no discipline.

And this check, restraint, or discipline, if it ever come, must come from the Judges. No crowd of equals can ever marshal or direct itself. What the bar want are competent magistrates to control, guide, and order them. Are the bar ready for this? Are they willing to submit to such control? On this the whole matter turns. If the bar of the State of New York feel this, they can settle the matter without the smallest difficulty. If they are not—if they prefer the present state of things—if they think it is good—if they are even lukewarm to its evils—better not go through the farce of holding a Convention.

Again, it is indispensable that, in some way, a mode be provided of making temporary or gradual changes in the system as pressure of business or the growth of the State shall require. In fact, New York grows so rapidly that any system you may make to-day will to-morrow be inadequate. In vulgar but expressive phrase, the State is always too big for its breeches.

Now this is well provided for in the practical little island of England in regard to the trial of causes: and it is in regard to the trial of causes that the difficulty most seriously presents itself; for with, or before the first trial, a large majority of cases end. Now in England the *Nisi Prius* Courts are all held by special Commissioners—the Judges always head the Commission, and usually hold the Courts; but the names of some leading lawyers are also always inserted, and whenever a pressure occurs the lawyer takes an extra jury and helps to clear the calendar. Why not try something of this kind here?

We have indeed attempted to reach the evil by references; but references are dilatory, expensive, and unsatisfactory, and it might have been known that they would so prove. They are deprived of all publicity, and without publicity judicial proceedings will forever be infected with some abuse or another. There is no check, no stimulant, no corrective so potent as the simple spell of publicity. Wisely do our Constitutions declare that the proceedings of Courts of Justice shall always be open to the public.

Once and again—What does the bar of the State of New York desire? What do the lawyers wish? Do they wish, do they intend, a real reform of our administration of justice? If they do, they can have it. If not, they had better stay at home, and leave the Convention to the sapient discussion of Temperance laws and Personal Liberty bills.

## MARTIAL LAW IN RICHMOND COUNTY.

FOR the first time in the history of this State, one of the counties—Richmond—has been placed under martial law. The statute under which this extraordinary proceeding has been had, empowers the Governor, in the event of insurrection or rebellion—that is to say, in the event of incapacity or unwillingness in the county officials to serve process or keep the peace and have the laws obeyed, to pronounce said county in a state of insurrection, and to order the militia of the State to the spot to afford *main forte* to the authorities. A State or a county can only be said to be in insurrection when the civil instruments of the law are, by popular violence, prevented from performing their duty; when the sheriffs will not or can not serve process or effect arrests, when the coroners refuse to arrest the sheriffs, and when the posse comitatus, after due summons, refuses to come to the aid of the officers of the law. To such a case as this, and to no other, the statute applies.

In view of this clear exposition of the law, the country will be amazed to learn that there has been no resistance whatever to the administration of the law in Richmond county. The Sheriff has never refused to serve any writ or perform any other official function. He has never needed to call on the posse, nor is there any reason to believe that, had he done so, his appeal would have been in vain. Last year when he called on the county militia, they were on foot and in marching order at an hour's notice, though the appeal to them was made at midnight. The Sheriff of the county declares himself able and willing to do his duty, whenever he shall be called upon to do so. It is true that a mob lately destroyed an hospital in the county; but there was no resistance to the county authorities, for they had not time to interfere. New York might as well have been placed under martial law in consequence of the Astor Place or the Dead Rabbit riots as Richmond county in consequence of the burning of the hospitals.

The consequences of this terrible blunder of Governor John A. King will be more widely felt than is at present generally foreseen. In the first place, it entails a heavy expense on the State. At present 300 militiamen are on duty in Richmond county for no earthly purpose except to annoy the inhabitants. They cost about $600 a day. It is intended to keep them there till the Legislature meets, say four months; by which time they will have cost the State (for the whole thing being illegal, the State will of course have to pay) about $75,000. Secondly, the precedent is a bad one. It is well known that at bottom politics had much to do with the burning of the hospitals. They had become a centre of political attack and defense; their continuance was a source of pecuniary gain to the political party to which Governor King belongs, and their abatement a cardinal point with the democracy. Now if the Governor may, without legal evidence of insurrection, send down 300 troops to restore the balance to the side of his political party, of course every future governor may do the like. Whenever party feeling runs high, an unscrupulous governor may overawe his opponents by declaring them in a state of insurrection, and quartering troops on them. It is easy to see whither this practice would lead. It is doubtful whether, under "martial law," the citizens of Richmond county have any civil or political rights. It is not certain that they are not disfranchised. How admirable a plan to dispose of a hostile county, to take advantage of a casual riot to declare it in insurrection and disfranchise it! Let no one say these hypotheses are far-fetched; the experience of the past two years shows that no limits can be set to the insanity of political partisanship.

There is one other result which may flow from this high-handed and blundering measure of Governor King's—and that is, his impeachment. We have reason to believe that preliminary measures to that end are already being taken. There can be but one objection to such a procedure—namely, that it would give the culprit too much importance. Two years governorship have earned for John A. King the good-natured contempt of some, and the bitter derision of the others among his fellow-citizens; every one will be so glad when he retires to private life that many would regret to see his public career protracted even by his impeachment.

## THE END OF THE ASTRONOMICAL QUARREL.

WE referred, some weeks ago, to the quarrel which had arisen between the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory, of Albany, and the astronomers of that institution. We showed that the pretension of Messrs. Pierce, Bache, and Henry to force their protégé, Dr. Gould, on the authorities of the Observatory, and to retain control of that establishment in defiance of the Trustees, in whom its ownership and direction are vested by law, was one of those delusions to which men of high scientific attainments and limited intercourse with the world are naturally liable. And we expressed the hope that the Trustees would not allow themselves to be overborne by the newspaper clamor which Dr. Gould's friends had created on his behalf, but that they would persevere in the course which seemed best calculated to make the Observatory practically useful, independently of distinguished persons and high-sounding names.

For thus espousing the side which seemed to us to be the side of common sense and science, we have been vehemently assailed, both in public and private, by Dr. Gould's friends. We have made no reply to our assailants, confident that, when the facts were fairly set forth, they would justify our position. At length, after a lapse of several weeks, the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory have just published an account of their stewardship.

We are using no exaggeration when we say that this document absolutely overwhelms Dr. Gould and his protectors, Professors Bache, Pierce, and Henry. Its character may be inferred from the simple fact, that, though several days have elapsed since it appeared, no reply has been attempted; in fact, it is unanswerable. It convicts Dr. Gould of something very like meanness and treachery, as a man; it shows him to have been, if not intentionally, at least in effect, hostile to the practical usefulness of the Observatory, as an astronomer. It proves that the aim of Dr. Gould and his learned friends was to make the Observatory a sort of tender to that magnificent institution, the Coast Survey, which, as every one knows, is the private preserve of a select circle of exclusive scientists. It shows that their deliberate purpose was to make the one as exclusive as the other; to carry out at Albany the tyrannical policy which has well-nigh ruined the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and not only to allow none of the donors to, or Trustees of, the Observatory to reap any glory, or derive any advantage from that establishment, but likewise to exclude from such glory and advantage every scientific man who was not prepared to lay his neck under the foot of the magnates of the Coast Survey. It proves, that so far from devoting himself, soul and spirit, to the Observatory—as Dr. Gould's friends claim he did—that gentleman could hardly be induced by the repeated appeals of the Trustees even to visit Albany; that he would not have gone thither at all had he not failed in his attempt to win a professorial chair in Columbia College; that when he was at Albany no appeals could induce him to put up the magnificent and costly astronomical instruments which the Trustees had bought at his request; that several instruments which the Trustees, under his dictation, had authorized him to order and pay for, have never yet been furnished; that when, under his directions, more than twice as much money had been spent as Professor Mitchell considered sufficient for a beginning, he still insisted that the establishment was not prepared for real work. As to the "Scientific Council," it establishes that, famous as its members deservedly are in the world of science, they are children in business; that, with no more legal right to control the Observatory than the editor of this journal, they nevertheless assumed to do so, and actually hired ex-policemen to guard the premises against encroachments from the Trustees, the legal guardians and possessors of the property. This is perhaps, the most painful part of the statement One is not so much shocked to learn that Dr Gould, who is quite young, should have proved himself indocile, querulous, impracticable, and even fatally remiss and careless of the aims of the institution. Young men are often liable to these faults; but that men of the age of Professors Henry, Bache, and Pierce should have thrust themselves into an institution where they had no rights whatever, and assumed to control it in defiance of its rightful managers, and actually hired bullies to defend their outrageous intrusion, is very shameful indeed.

But it is even so. These facts are all substantiated by conclusive evidence—letters from Dr. Gould and his friends, and official minutes of the Trustees. None of the allegations of the Statement can be successfully controverted.

It is always sad to see great and honored names brought into contempt. Every lover of science will grieve that Bache and Pierce should have been misled into so false a position. Every one would be glad to hear that, having gone so far—too far, alas!—in defense of their friend, they had seized this opportunity to leave him to his fate. But whatever they may do to retrieve themselves in public estimation, people will now expect that something should be done in earnest to render the Dudley Observatory worthy of

its endowments. Blamable as the astronomers have been, the Trustees are not blameless. As men of business, it was ridiculous in them to allow themselves to be so easily duped; nor should they have suffered themselves to be, at last, ousted from premises which they are bound by law to hold for a specific purpose. These considerations will not escape the attention of the Legislature this winter; and if that body should, as the Coast Survey hopes, reorganize the Observatory, and displace the Trustees, they will only have themselves to blame. For they—men of ripe experience and ample means—undertook a trust which most certainly yet remains unfulfilled.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE FEAST OF CERES.

Now that the literary festivals are ended the agricultural begin. In almost every county of every State there is a Society of Farmers; and in the golden days of September and October they bring together the best they have grown, or made, or raised—and whoever has a new machine, or a better plan of an old one, may be sure of an audience both admiring and appreciating. Besides the county societies and fairs, there is the great central State Fair, at which the agricultural condition of the State is generally fairly represented.

Not even the silent farmers can celebrate their feast without speeches. Every County Fair, as well as the State, has its orator, and the nature and drift of his speech is already indicated by the occasion. And any man who can speak well upon any general subject ought to be able to do so when speaking to farmers about farming. The occasion is not technical or professional, but universal. A correspondent of one of the newspapers says the agricultural fairs would be quite perfect, if the orators only knew a little of the subject upon which they were to speak, or owned only so much soil as would fill a flower-pot.

But to suppose that a man knows nothing of the principles, or history, or importance—in its relation to the State—of agriculture, because he is not a farmer, shows certainly that the supposer is not very familiar with the matter. An Agricultural Fair is like a Gallery of Pictures. The one is interesting to the farmer, as the other is to the painter, technically. But the greatest pleasure to be derived from both may be enjoyed by all. A man can be delighted with a picture without knowing how to mix paints, and with noble products without knowing how much of what kind of manure to apply to their growth; and when the farmers ask a man to address them upon such a day, they do not expect to hear from him practical directions for raising wheat, but practical suggestions about their pursuit in itself and in its relations to society.

These fairs are not only pleasant holidays and assemblies of neighbors interested in the same things, but they are the direct means of encouraging that actively intelligent spirit, without which farming is likely to become one of the most sluggish of human pursuits. And in this country, where two-thirds of the population is agricultural, it is easy enough to see that more depends upon the intelligence of the farmer than the number of apples in a bushel or of tons of hay to the acre.

The reader who remembers the sketch, by Hoppin, of "Fifth Avenue in the Country," in our last paper, will be amused with the following, which puts a fact into rhyme.

A farmer, having hay for sale,
Addressed a fop one day,
And asked him "if he wished to buy
A load of first-rate hay."

"Want hay!" replied the indignant fop,
Offended at the question,
"Do I look like a horse, to need
Your hay for my digestion?"

"Look like a horse!" in turn exclaimed
The vendor of dried grass;
"You do not look much like a horse,
But very like an ass."

### GEOGRAPHY IN THE CAFES.

THE famous geographer Malte Brun is dead. He was a Frenchman, and it is a curious question whether Geography in France was buried in his grave. A late number of the clever *Charivari*, the Paris *Punch*, opens an article thus:

"There are houses built of glass, why shouldn't there be houses made of cotton?

"This question has been suggested in America, and has just been solved, if we may believe the newspapers of this morning, which copy an article of one of their contemporaries of Louisiana, the *Courier* of Charleston."

The same *Charivari* presents as its humorous illustration a picture of a philosopher introducing his unwilling son to a Kangaroo, and underneath the legend, "A savan trying to make friends of his son and *the Grand Kangaroo of Central America.*"

The picture represents a genuine animal; but the only Grand Kangaroo of Central America known to *our* Natural History is *le General* William Walker, who made the celebrated leap from Greytown to New York, took to the shades, and has never been heard of since.

### LETTER FROM A HIGH PRIVATE.

THE Lounger, at his earnest request, has been allowed by a parent, pardonably partial, to publish the following graphic and interesting letter from one of the heroes now gallantly engaged with the bloody insurgents in our domestic India:

"ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
"SEPOY ISLAND, *September*, 1858.

"DEAREST MA,—I am dreadful wet, and I've got a horrid cold in my head, and I've spoiled my best boots tramping round in the dust and dew; but then the sense of the glorious service in which we are engaged is as good as hot bottles to the feet, and delicious as a warming-pan in a January bed.

"You can have no idea of the awful barbarity and reckless lawlessness of this part of the country. The gorgeous imagination of an Evarts is alone equal to the task of coloring it high enough. Every night houses are burned down and the inmates ruthlessly slaughtered. The rancor against the yellow fever patients is such that the mob roasts one every evening, and Ray Tompkins and John C. Thompson tear off the cooked flesh and consume it, while the Castleton Board of Health dances the Fisher's Hornpipe. That body has offered an immense reward for the bringing in of Dr. Thompson, the efficient and scrupulous Health Officer, and, in proportion, for any part of him. Their intention is openly avowed of burning him at a slow fire. All trade and society, and intercourse of every kind, are at an end. The grass grows in the roads, and nobody ventures out without a pair of horse-pistols and a broadsword. Most of the buildings upon the island are destroyed, and the fields are all, without exception, laid waste. Mob law is triumphant. Nobody pretends to sleep on the island. Every body expects at every moment the bursting out of 'those lurid flames' so eloquently depicted by Mr. Evarts, and then to be, in his own words, in the state of 'the poor men who lay exposed to their influence on the damp ground that night.' You know the bitter result to those poor men. Those who were not scorched to death as they lay there have died maniacs since. It's all very well for Dr. Walser to say at the examination that nobody was harmed that night—but rather benefited. Dr. Walser is a malignant Sepoy.

"Dear Ma, I don't wonder we both cried so when you knew I was coming to such a place, and were packing up my stockings. But, mother, when a man is enrolled upon the military lists he takes his life in his hand. I've not only done that, but I've taken the lumbago in my back. It's really dreadful. I wish you'd just send some of Podger's Embrocation.

"You know we've been on a great many excursions, which consisted mainly of dancing the polka and drinking Champagne. But life in the tented field, in the very presence of the enemy and the heart of his country, is a very different thing. Yet the troops behave most gallantly. A finer set of heroes have rarely been seen. When we are doing guard duty, and pacing the lines, would you believe that these infernal islanders actually shoulder sticks and march by our sides, just beyond our lines, where we can't reach 'em? And worse than that, they twiddle their nasty fingers on their dirty noses at us as we pass; and some, more desperately infamous than the others, have been known to bawl out, when Colonel Lyon was in sight, 'Hullo, soger man, who made your breeches?' You can better, dearest parent, conceive the refined malignity of this question, when you reflect that our worthy Colonel is an equally worthy tailor.

"One Sepoy, who will be excepted from any act of amnesty, loudly declared at evening parade, the other day, that our gallant commanding officer was 'the very Lyon of Tailors and the Tailor of Lions.' 'Lions indeed!' screamed another mad barbarian, 'he's brought more than his fair share of geese with him.' Do you see, my mother? Do you catch the refined malignity? Do you know what a Tailor's goose is? If not, your darling son can show you, upon application at Camp Washington.

"Colonel Lyon has very properly assumed absolute command of the island. He went the other day to surprise a well. The owner locked his gate and defied him to enter. With unflinching determination Colonel Lyon told him he had a right to do it, that he was the chief authority upon the island and should take the water at all hazards. Saying this, he withdrew to another well: thus, as it were, cutting his coat according to his cloth. In consequence of his gallant exploits in suppressing this hideous Sepoy insurrection, our brave Colonel is known altogether as Field-marshal Sir Colin Campbell Havelock Lyon.

"The army of occupation is not less deserving the kindest mention and the highest praise. I suppose Napoleon's army in Russia were not half so brave as we are. Last evening, just as the night-guard was being mounted, an alarm was given. In a moment the line was formed. The men fell silently into their places. We knew the hour had come. I thought of you, dearest mother, and of Belinda Ann. Nobody said any thing—our hearts were too full; but a braver set of hearts never beat in manly bosoms. The officer passed along the line to see that every thing was in order. He addressed a few firm, encouraging words to each man—told them that if they fell Mayor Tiemann would mention their names to the Common Council—and then the order was given to advance. It was our first going into action, and we were naturally nervous. But the gallant Eighth set forward with a shout that must have stricken terror to the hearts of the Sepoys, for upon reaching the seat of alarm, it turned out to be only the seat of Corporal Howitzer's trowsers; for it seems that as that gallant officer was hastening to tea, he tripped over a Sepoy stump or atrocious and inhuman stone so suddenly that he cried out, but, with the presence of mind that distinguishes the gallant Eighth, he instantly discovered that it was only a stump, and fall, and split in his breeches; and when we came up he was as self-possessed and calm as if nothing had happened. It was now quite dark, and as the army of occupation were engaged in contemplating the terrible chasm in the Corporal's trowsers, a jeering, and barbarous, and riotous voice came out of the dark beyond the lines:

"'Och, Jim, and murther mee graynmother! if that beant a case for the Lifteenant-Gineral Lyon!'

"Under these trying circumstances the army behaved with admirable spirit, and withdrew in perfect order.

"Thus far, dear Ma, the loss in our ranks has not been severe. It has been mainly confined to temper, boots, breeches, and health.

"The entire army has a cold in its head—but, on the other hand, out of some hundred or more, not more than eighty-seven have lumbago, and only ninety-three have severe rheumatisms. Dear Mother, it's very difficult to get hot red flannel in this country, or hot water to soak the feet. I use up handkerchiefs dreadfully. A wicked Sepoy said to me, when I was on guard the other day, and blowing my nose continually, 'Soger man, why don't you follow your nose, and run?' I lunged at him with my bayonet, but the unchristian villain had escaped among his fellow-devils.

"But whatever amount of lumbago, or tic, or rheumatism may fall to my share, how sublime and consoling is the thought that we are here, the representative of the State, to preserve the something of thingamy. I haven't quite made out *what* we are here for, although I have studied the Governor's speech as hard as I can. But 'taint no use; I can get into it, but I can't get out. On the whole, I conclude we are here to frighten the bloody burning Sepoys, and to die of lumbago for our country. We try to keep up our spirits, but the night air is depressing. We are on the northeast shore of the island and the equinoctial is coming.

"There, there's my nose again!

"Good-by, dearest mother!

"In great haste, your affectionate son,
"HANNIBAL LAMB."

### PITIFUL.

A MAN who could deliberately take advantage of the fact that the stone of a fruit is sometimes called a pit, to perpetrate such an atrocity as the following, ought to be sent to serve for six weeks in the army of occupation upon Sepoy Island.

Why was Joseph, the son of Israel, like a peach-tree?—Because he was raised from a pit.

### THE MEANING OF MEN'S NAMES.

IN the *Weekly* of the 21st August "A Lady Reader" expressed a wish to know the meaning of men's names, and the Lounger has received several satisfactory replies. He is indebted to "W.," of Trenton, New Jersey, for the most copious and complete list—much too full to print, but admirable for reference—for which "W." will please receive his heartiest thanks. In a lady's hand comes also a pretty list. And "L," from Niles, sends a fanciful catalogue. But "J. M. H.," of Oswego County, furnishes, more briefly than "W.," the following:

Here is one will make rich a lover's bliss,
'Tis Philemon, literally a kiss.
Francis is free, open-hearted, and frank;
And so too is Franklin, and so is Frank.
Remember some Edgars are sunk in shame;
But Edgar is honor. Trust not in name.
One instance more: Arnold was a traitor,
Yet Arnold is faithful to his honor.
Since we can't judge (by mere name) of any,
We'll not believe William the shield of many;
Nor in Lewis the safeguard of mankind.
Frederick gives rich peace to soul and mind.
Paul is little; Patrick's a senator;
And Edwin is a happy conqueror.
Edmund (a blessed name) is blessed peace;
Joseph is a name implying increase.
Walter is the ruler of an army;
But Harvey is the hope of an army.
Adelard is open, frank, generous;
Robert is celebrated, or famous;
Philip is a great lover of horses,
And finds delight in racing on courses;
Solomon's peaceable; Alfred, all peace;
And Oliver is the emblem of peace.
Joshua, like Jesus, is Lord, Saviour;
Jacob is a supplanter, or beguiler;
Alexander implies strong help to men;
But Gideon is destroyer of men;
Theodore expresses a gift of God;
John is *Dei Gratia*, the grace of God;
And 'mong the Harpers 'tis found most common,
Each family of them has a son John;
Or if there be exceptions they are few—
A family without John I never knew.
Of Scripture names I add variety,
Enough to supply a pious family:
Timothy is an honorer of God;
Tobias implies the goodness of God;
Zachariah is mindful of the Lord;
And Jeremiah exalteth the Lord;
Nehemiah is the Rest of the Lord;
Hezekiah denotes strong in the Lord;
Obadiah the servant of the Lord;
And Israel prevaileth in the Lord.

### MORE TOADS.

AFTER all, it is John Bull who swallows the toad whole with the greatest unction. We make feeble efforts to do it, and often with very tolerable success for a democratic people. But John does so relish the thing! He licks his chops and rolls his eyes with such huge satisfaction! He strains so, to taste it all the way down! He licks it up so clean, that it is a vain hope to rival or surpass him. Dear John Jeems Jenkins Yellowplush Bull!

He has lately been gloating over the wedding of a young and noble lord and lady, and to those American readers who are wont to complain of the unjustifiable personality in American newspaper letters, describing watering-place balls—as where Mrs. A—— is called "decidedly handsome," and Miss B—— "evidently the belle of the evening," and Mrs. C—— "in a beautiful red bandana, looped up with fine-tooth combs"—the Lounger commends the letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, from London, describing "the nuptials of Viscount Grey de Wilton, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Wilton, with the Lady Elizabeth Charlotte Louisa Craven, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Craven."

"A more beautiful bride is seldom seen. Lady Elizabeth Craven belongs to that noble type of English beauty which combines an aristocratic contour of feature with a complexion singularly fair and delicate, in which roses and lilies maintain an unnecessary struggle for pre-eminence. In the Park, the roses have it; and foreigners stop to gaze, as if transfixed, upon that 'fair-haired girl,' whose cheeks glow with healthful, eloquent blood, and whose ripe, red, pouting lips, blue eyes, and smiling face, strike like a ray of sunshine, and startle like a pleasant surprise. This morning, as she stood at the altar, in her bridal wreath of orange-blossom, and with her head covered by the richest bridal vail, 'the plant and flower of light,' as Ben Jonson beautifully calls the lily, reigned supreme over her lovely features. Yet the full ripe lips were there, and the blue eyes, although cast down in maiden bashfulness, and the pleasant smile, although it was tempered by the fears and regrets natural to those who leave fond parents and loving sisters for a new home. Now and then the laced kerchief went in pursuit of a silly tear that would start, and the high corsage could not conceal the emotions that agitated the 'full-bosomed maid,' as old Homer would have called her.

"The bridegroom was as ardent and tender as a young and gallant guardsman might be expected to be. While the bride is unusually fair, the young heir of the house of Wilton is of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair. In figure he is tall and somewhat slender, but when time has knit his limbs and given him the life-guardsman's mustache—the which nature has as yet denied him, he will not discredit his gallant corps, either in Hyde Park or elsewhere."

There is more of it. But these are the plums. You think that the American press is unjustifiably personal? But fancy such a description in the *Evening Post* or the *Express*, of a young lady married in Grace Church! No, no. John eats the toad much more skillfully than we.

### THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—You were kind enough to oblige 'one of your lady readers,' in the August 21st issue of the *Weekly*, in finding and publishing 'a piece of poetry'—the 'Bingen on the Rhine.'

"I have been for more than twenty years trying to discover a piece of poetry that I read in a newspaper, when I was comparatively young, and greatly admired. Will you be equally kind to one of your male readers, and help him in his search? I remember but a small portion of it. I think it was entitled 'The Student.' These lines were in it:

"'Like a young eagle on the mountain top
Pluming his vigorous wings to fly, he stood
Fearless and lonely. Beautiful and bright
Outstretched before him, the wide world he viewed;
And though from midst its ways the sound of strife
Rose loud, it spoke of energy and life.'

"I read it in a newspaper—*I think*, in the *Ariel*, published in Natchez, about the year 1829 or 1830; but of this I am not sure. The *Ariel* was published by Griffen.

"If you can succeed in recovering it, you will very much oblige a very great curiosity. ALPHA.

"BENTON, MISSISSIPPI."

—"ALPHA" will be amused, probably, with two surprising statements about himself which he makes in this note. He says that he read the poem when he was young and greatly admired; and then, that he is a very great curiosity! He probably meant to say neither; and the Lounger hopes some erudite friend will satisfy "Alpha."

"VIATOR" must, of course, have anticipated that the mouth of the Delaware and the eastern shore of Long Island would open upon him; and here is the voice of the latter:

"EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

"MY FRIEND LOUNGER,—'Viator,' in his communication from Saratoga, says: 'Were I a rich dunce, I would sport my trappings on the east end of Long Island, or down toward the mouth of the Delaware, where I would be admired by the ignorant,' etc.

"Now who the inhabiters of the region 'down toward the mouth of the Delaware' are, or what their present state of civilization may be, I am at present unable to state; for I have never visited that locality. But I am happy to be able to add somewhat to 'Viator's' store of knowledge (especially that particular species of knowledge which, judging from his signature, one would suppose him to abound in most), by informing him that the people of Eastern Long Island have learned to read, have seen New York, have even seen Saratoga, have heard rumors of such cities as London and Paris; and some little time since, were astonished by the news of a telegraph across the Atlantic.

"They read the *Journal of Civilization*, and they will take the greatest pleasure in proving to 'Viator' that they can fully appreciate a dunce (rich or poor) whenever he will favor them with a visit. A RESIDENT."

—"L. E. K." sends some verses, "A Day," of which the last two stanzas are better than the rest:

"O days of life, how fair, how fleet
The motion of your happy feet
Through the lilies and the wheat!

"O days of life, how faint, how slow
Your heavy footsteps onward go
Through the sullen rain and snow!"

—The "Hogs" are not all dead yet, it seems.

"DEAR BENEVOLENT LOUNGER,—Seeing addressed to you now and then a letter concerning a certain mysterious family whose members are not known, but who show themselves in other ways than by sight rather oftener than is comfortable, I add my few words. I refer to the delightful '*Hog* Family.' Now I know you pity me just a little after such a disclosure. Listen: I had made my toilet a few days ago with uncommon care, and proceeded to the Brooklyn ferry, intending to make a visit in Brooklyn. Nothing occurred until I left the boat, when, to my surprise, in glancing at my dress, I found one side of the skirt completely daubed with TOBACCO JUICE. Who did it I can not tell, but I felt rather uncomfortably when I met my friends, for one side of my dress was completely *done brown* by Ruffian Hog, Esq. If this will help to deter that unhappy family from committing such insults on ferry-crossers, please use it.

"READER."

"ALDER CREEK, 1858.

"*To the Lounger:*

"I may be wrong, but it strikes me that this is the best thing on the cable by our poets. I have the author's permission to inclose it to you. F. G."

### THE MERMAID'S MESSAGE.

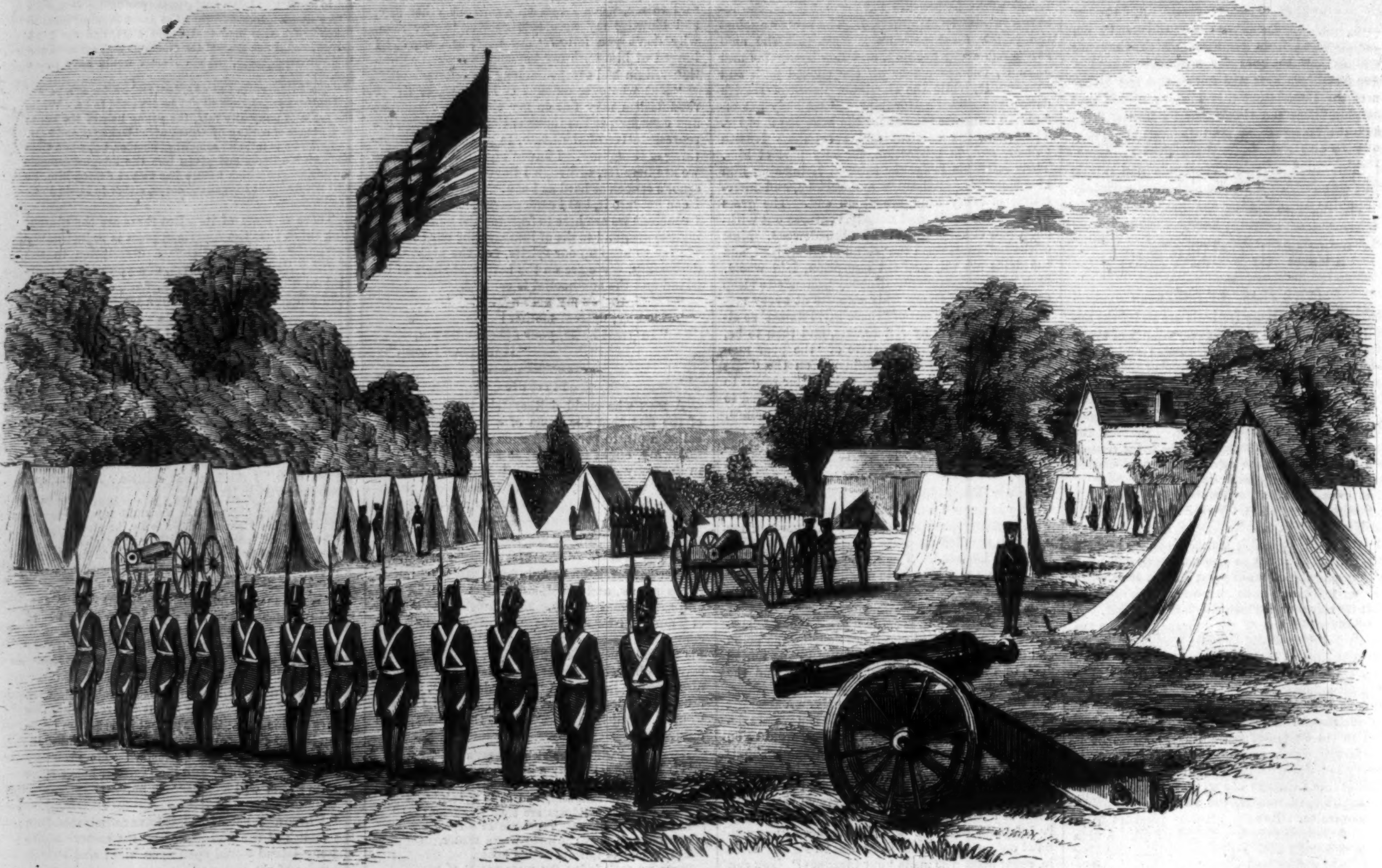
*By George W. Bungay.*

Under the ocean waves afar,
Beyond the light of sun or star,
A mermaid spied from her coral cell
The Telegraph Cable as it fell.

Skirting the jagged ledges it came,
Dropping down like a thread of flame,
Breaking the branches off the trees
That grow in groves down under the seas.

She looked, and wondered what could be
Dropping so strangely into the sea;
Then gliding forth from her coral cell
To where the sensitive cable fell,

She touched it with inquisitive hand—
Instant her heart-beat throbbed through the land,
Baffling awhile the sages' means—
The mermaid's message preceded the Queen's.



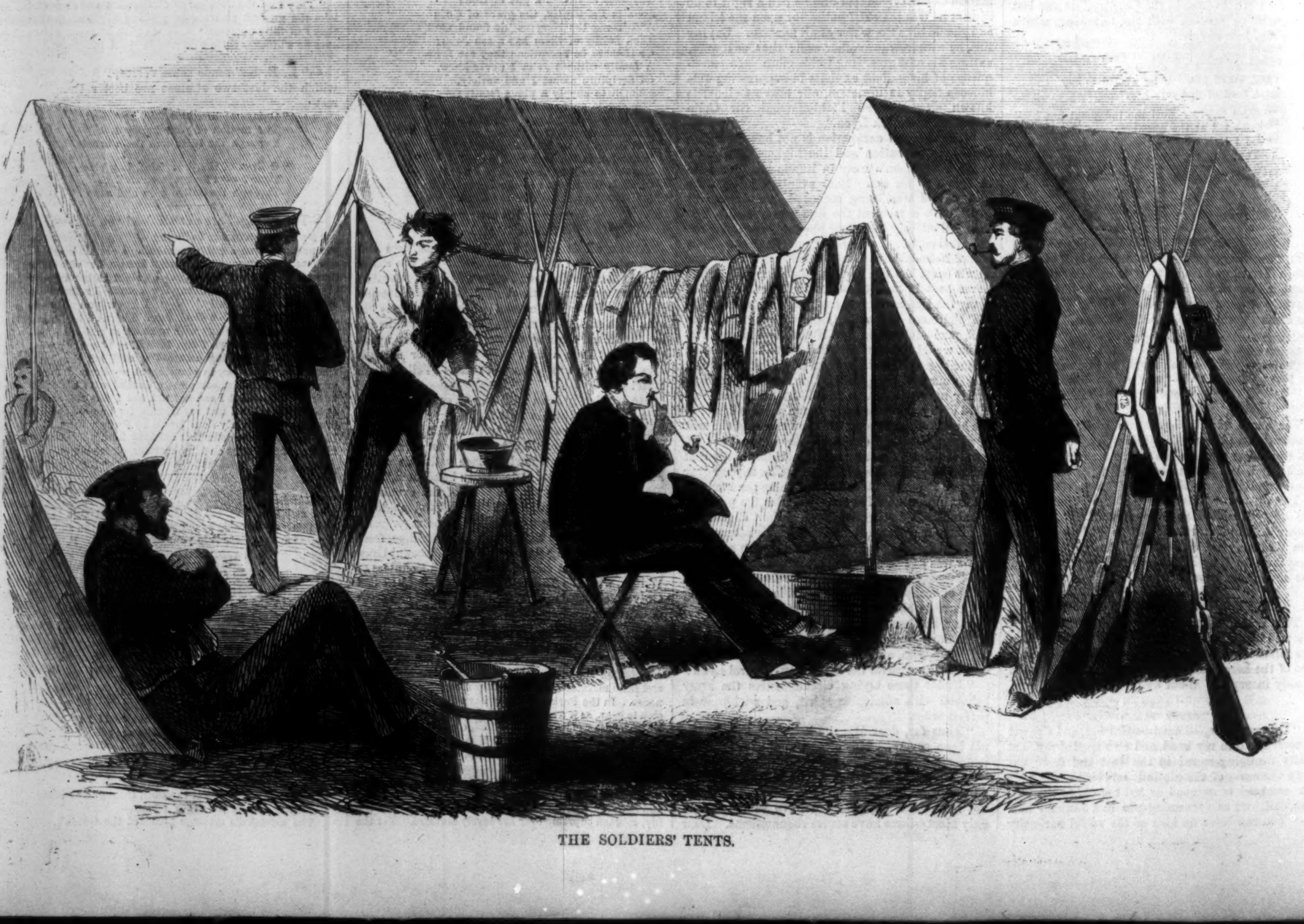
THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON STATEN ISLAND—THE CAMP.

## THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON STATEN ISLAND.

WE give herewith two pictures of the army of occupation in Richmond County. Our readers are aware that, in consequence of the burning of the Quarantine hospitals, the Governor has proclaimed the island to be under martial law, and has ordered the 8th Regiment New York State Militia thither. Our first picture represents the camp of the regiment; our second some soldiers' tents, with the men enjoying their ease in the neighborhood.

The Eighth, which is commanded by Colonel Lyons, consists of 300 men. The officers are the following: Major, C. G. Waterbury; Acting-Adjutant, P. F. Wentworth; Paymaster, T. M. Cushman; Surgeon, Lynus Ramsey; Assistant-Surgeon, John Atkins; Chaplain, John S. Ash; Engineer, E. Ellbridge; Assistant-Quartermaster, —— Tiffany. *Commandants:* Company A, C. J. Blauvelt; Company B, Thomas Sweeny; Company C, Edward Burger; Company D, E. D. Lawrence; Company E, William Waterman; Company F, Leando Buck; Company G, Charles H. Burtis; Company H, Samuel Gregory; Company I, J. M. Varian. *Non-commissioned Officers:* Sergeant-Major, T. Carr; Quartermaster, J. Pease; Color-bearer, —— Jones; Left General Guide, T. Ball; Assistant Sergeant-Major, C. Weed; Ordnance Sergeant, W. Miller; Right General Guide, —— Hart; Sergeant, W. Silcock; Leader of the Band, T. G. Adkins.

The camp lies to the northwest of the Quarantine hospitals, partly on the Quarantine and partly on the ferry property. The tents have all been pitched according to the rules for a regimental encampment. On the southern end of the ground is the guard tent, in which is quartered a portion of the guard who are ordered for duty during the day. In the extreme northern portion of the ground the troops are quartered. The tents are all pitched in rows of half a dozen each, forming six streets, with tents on both sides, a main avenue running through the centre, which is called Broadway. Each company is quartered according to rank in line, as in the following order: Company C, Captain Burger; Company B, Captain Sweeney; Company A, Captain Blauvelt; Company D, Captain Lawrence;



THE SOLDIERS' TENTS.

Company E, Captain Waterman; Company H, Lieutenant Commanding Gregory; Company G, Captain Burtis; Company F, Captain Buck; Company I, Captain Varian.

Each street is about fifteen feet wide; the floors of the tents are raised about three inches from the ground, so as to avoid dampness. Running in reverse order, on the upper side of the privates tents, and facing out on a line with each row, are located the band and non-commissioned officers. Twenty-five feet in the rear again, running in a like manner, are located the captains and lieutenants; and at a like distance, further to the north, are encamped the field and staff officers. At the extreme end, and looking out on what is called "Broadway," from which also a full view of the entire camp can be had, is Colonel Lyons' head-quarters, in front of which is stationed a sentinel.

On the west side of the grounds is the mess house, erected by E. F. Rodgers. The building is 130 feet long by 31 feet wide, and is so arranged as to accommodate each Company separately. Men were kept busy all day yesterday by Mr. Rodgers, so as to get the building finished by this afternoon. Mr. Rodgers, for the comfort of the militia, also floored most of their tents.

The following orders have been issued for the governance of the army of occupation:

WASHINGTON GRAYS.
HEAD-QUARTERS EIGHTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.
CAMP WASHINGTON, *September* 11, 1858.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS CAMP.

1. Courtesy among military men is indispensable to discipline. Respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended to all occasions. It is always the duty of the inferior to accost or to offer first the customary salutation, and of the superior to return such complimentary notices.

2. All inferiors are required to obey strictly, and to execute with alacrity and good faith the lawful orders of the superiors appointed over them.

3. The gun shall be fired at sunrise, and colors set.

4. The Reveille will be beat at five o'clock A.M., and is the signal for the men to rise, and the sentries to leave off challenging.

5. "Peas upon a trencher," the signal for breakfast, will be sounded or beat at seven o'clock.

6. The "Troop" will be beat at eight o'clock in the morning, to assemble the men for duty and inspection at guard mounting.

7. Morning parade at nine o'clock. Evening dress parade at five o'clock in the afternoon.

8. "Roast Beef," the signal for dinner, will be sounded or beat at twelve o'clock.

9. "The Retreat" will be beat at sunset, when the evening gun will be fired and the flag struck.

10. The Tattoo will be beat at ten o'clock in the evening, after which no soldier is to be out of his tent or quarters unless by special leave.

11. The long roll is the signal for gathering under arms in case of alarm or the sudden approach of the enemy.

GEORGE LYONS, *Colonel*.

Officer of the day, Captain Blauvelt, Company A.

Officer of the Guard, Lieutenant Johnston.

The storm on Wednesday last told severely on the army. A reporter says: "Most of the tents were soaked through and through by the rain; the beds and bedding, the clothing and uniforms were completely saturated with water. Most of the men were up half the night, and, from all accounts, but very little sleep was had among any of them. The tents which the guards have been using are very poor, having been used for some time for camping purposes throughout the State. The guards also suffered very much from the storm. Ex-Alderman William Wilson, a member of the regiment, remained on duty nine hours, but was at last so overcome that he was taken with a fit in the morning, and had to be brought up to the city and conveyed home. Several others of the members were also compelled to give up and return home for a new outfit and a little nursing, being overcome by fatigue. During the forepart of yesterday the men also suffered considerably by the storm; but they, with one or two exceptions, stood it out like soldiers. As soon as it began to clear off, the tents were thrown open, and the blankets, beds, and clothing of the men were strung up on lines running from one tent to another to dry. Toward the latter part of the afternoon most of the uniforms had been pretty well dried; but Colonel Lyons, on account of the storm, had issued orders in the morning that there would be no afternoon parade, so the men were not compelled to put on their damp clothing."

PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION.

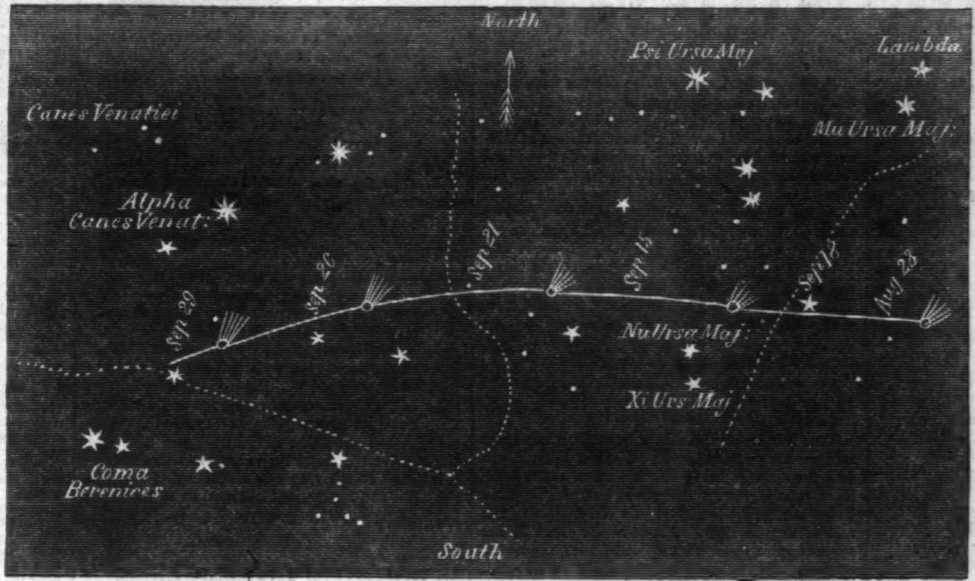
## THE COMET.

THE advent of the comet which is at present visible to the naked eye in the northern heavens, was first made known by Professor Donati, of Florence, on the 3d of June. It was also discovered by Henry M. Parkhurst, Esq., of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on June 29. We give herewith a representation of the comet as it at present appears, and also a diagram showing its position among the fixed stars through which its path lies, from August 28 to September 29, shortly after which time it will be lost to sight. By means of this diagram the reader will be able to trace its course on a celestial globe.

Its motion around the sun is retrograde; that is, in the direction opposite to the motions of the planets. Its distance from the earth at present is roughly computed at nearly 90,000 miles. Its tail is about 6,000,000 miles long. Its distance from the sun at perihelion, or when nearest that luminary, is calculated at 40,000,000 miles, and its velocity at that time will be no less than 2500 miles per minute. Its relative brightness has been calculated, and is shown in the following table:

CALCULATED BRIGHTNESS OF COMET.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| August | 20..... | 6·5 | September | 13... | 32·5 |
| " | 28..... | 10·2 | " | 21... | 67·0 |
| September | 5..... | 17·4 | " | 29... | 136·0 |




COURSE OF THE COMET THROUGH THE STARS.

It will therefore present yet its most splendid appearance.

The last comet plainly visible to the naked eye made its appearance in February, 1843. It continued visible during even the brightest days, and was altogether a more remarkable body than the one now before the public.

Its tail was, at one time, 106,000,000 miles long, and it approached the sun so closely that it is supposed it must have almost *grazed* it. Its perihelion distance was but 90,000 miles. The velocity with which it whirled around the sun, at the instant of its perihelion, was prodigious; such, indeed, that, if it had continued, the comet would have encircled the sun in the space of two hours and a half. In fact, it did pass half around it in that time. In forty days, the period of its visibility, it had described 173 degrees from perihelion; while to describe the next seven degrees required many years, perhaps centuries, its rate decreasing in an immense ratio with its distance from the sun. The heat it received from the sun at perihelion was computed by Professor Herschel to be 47,000 times greater than that received by the earth from a vertical sun. The comet was for some time red-hot; and spectators near the equator described the tail as resembling "a stream of fire from a furnace."

The present comet will be visible, probably, until the beginning of October. The best time to see it is early in the morning, between three and four o'clock. The direction of its tail is toward the North Star. Its elements have not yet been certainly computed; but it is supposed to have a period of thirty-one years, and to be identical with the comets which appeared in 1827 and 1764 (two periods). This would bring its return about 1889–1890.

## PAUL MORPHY, ESQ.,

### THE CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

THE extraordinary chess genius, Paul Morphy, who is at present attracting the attention of the chess world toward his triumphs in England, is a native of New Orleans city, and is not yet twenty-one years old. His father, who was a prominent citizen and an honorable judge in Louisiana, among other innocent amusements indulged in, as a relief from the severe studies of the law, reckoned the game of chess, and young Paul early came in for his share of instruction at the family fireside. At the age of ten years he was familiar with the moves of the game; and before he was twelve his father, and his uncle, a distinguished amateur, found themselves surpassed by the youthful Paul. When he was thirteen the celebrated Herr Löwenthal visited the "Crescent City," and played three games with the "infant phenomenon." Two young Morphy won, and made a "draw" of the third.

At the meeting of the first National Chess Congress of the Union, held last summer in New York city, Paul Morphy was for the first time introduced to the public. His youthful appearance and wonderful power soon made him the centre of attraction, and as the labors of the Congress proceeded, it became apparent that he would be its champion—a position he finally won, with the cordial sympathy of all who witnessed his extraordinary performances, placing himself in the first position in the world as a chess-player. Following this triumph, his friends challenged Howard Staunton, the great chess author and analyst, and chess editor of the *London News*, the acknowledged champion of England.

On Paul's return to New Orleans he was received by his friends and the members of "his club" as a hero who had won laurels in a distant conquest. In time the news came that Mr. Staunton could not make it convenient to leave England, and therefore he could not meet Mr. Morphy. This did not satisfy Mr. Morphy's friends. Confident in his power to defeat any one who came in contact with him, the members of the club and his personal friends waited in a body on young Paul's mother, and endeavored to overcome her reluctance to let "her boy cross the Atlantic." After much persuasion, in which "Young America" argued that our national reputation was involved in the proposed contest, the permission was given, and in due time young Paul sailed for Europe.

The bold challenge of young Morphy, and the reports of the printed games he played at the National Congress, had their effect in England, and he received the first homage to his surprising powers from abroad, in a cordial invitation to attend the great gathering of the chess-players of Europe which took place at Birmingham last year. So great, indeed, was the curiosity to see him, that the regular time set for the gathering was postponed, in the hope that Mr. Morphy would appear. On his arrival, finally, in England, he was received with the most enthusiastic marks of gratification. The first people of London, including the nobility and gentry, and men distinguished for science and learning, vied with each other to do honor to the youthful stranger.

Preliminary contests, including players of world-wide fame, were soon arranged; and Morphy presented himself at the various clubs, the observed of all observers. Quiet and unpretending, never excited, never off his guard, he entered upon practical demonstrations of his skill. Very soon he lit up the fires of excitement; all were enthusiastic, save Mr. Staunton and a few of his ilk, who reluctantly yielded to the belief that a young American youth was about to wrest the crown of superiority from veteran brows. Every step he made, however, gave indication of his power, and admiration finally gave way to enthusiasm; and even Mr. Staunton, who probably at the outset disdained to accept Morphy's challenge, has been forced to acknowledge the surprising ability of the youthful player. Speaking of Morphy's triumphal progress, one of the leading London journals remarks, "A general chess conflagration seems to be kindling just when the political and fashionable world begin to 'pale their ineffectual fires' in the approaching dawn of the recess. The matches which have produced this startling effect are not of the Lucifer order, but will burn longer and more steadily than the patent night-lights or Palmer's best stearine. To convey our views in a more familiar metaphor, Mr. Morphy, the champion of the American chess world, is in the field, and prepared to joust with all

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

comers. And—putting aside a match with Mr. Löwenthal (just finished), and another with Mr. Staunton (now on the tapis)—thus far, he has kept his ground triumphantly. Though occasionally beaten, he has scored a considerable majority of games against every player whom he has encountered, including several of our first English celebrities. And this, with a gallery of strangers (looking on), and at the age of twenty-one. When, a few months since, we read of the American phenomenon who was to 'whip all creation' in the checkered field, we confess we felt somewhat skeptical. The language of the West is singularly tinged with Oriental hyperbole, and puffing, under the auspices of Mr. Barnum, has become a science. We thought of the Fejee mermaid and the woolly horse—of the hunter who could whip his weight in wild cats, and the mare whose rapid transit past successive mile-stones gave the country the appearance of a continuous church-yard. Even the report of the New York 'Chess Congress,' where the young amateur from New Orleans won, unless our memory fails us, eighty-one games out of eighty-four, did not completely dispel our prejudices. The games were brilliant; but they were played chiefly against third-rates, with whom it might be safe to take liberties. So dashing a style would perhaps prove fatal when tried against wary veterans, trained in defense and tenacious of the smallest advantage when once gained. Such were our previous impressions and those of many abler judges—impressions not destitute of some *a priori* probability. But we were mistaken—we confess it frankly and deliberately—utterly and absolutely mistaken. Mr. Morphy needs no aid either of 'yarn' or 'whole cloth' (we adopt the latest American metaphors) to establish his claims as an extraordinary genius in his line. This is no place for discussing the value of chess, either as a recreation or as a test of intellectual power. Enough to say that its living votaries are legion, including many men of high literary or professional distinction; and that it is historically associated with recollections of Charles XII., Napoleon, and other

"'Dead, but sceptred monarchs, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.'

Our present purpose is to claim for our distinguished visitor, as a gifted and accomplished chess-player, the praise to which he is entitled in that character even from the non-chess-playing world."

Speaking of Mr. Morphy's appearance, the same authority says: "Look at him as he plays. You are first struck principally by the roomy forehead, clear eye, and fine, well-developed ear; but when you have observed him long and frequently, you discover that he is never flurried, never *nervous*—that a defeat does not discourage, nor a victory elate him. Young as he is, he is always calm and self-possessed, whether in the quiet circle of the St. George Club or in the noisier gallery of the Chess Divan; and is, consequently, as sure as any player we ever saw to do his own powers justice under the mental tension of a long match, and the trials of temper which frequently attend it."

The terms of the match alluded to in our extracts between Mr. Löwenthal and Mr. Morphy were, that the winner of the first nine games should be entitled to the stakes. The result was as follows: Morphy, *nine;* Löwenthal, *three;* three *drawn.* It may not be uninteresting to our readers, as showing the importance the English aristocracy attach to chess, to state that, in this contest, Mr. Morphy's "seconds" are Lord Arthur Hay and the Rev. J. Owen. Throughout the time this game was in progress, Mr. Staunton sneered at Mr. Löwenthal's play, and insinuated that it was an easy matter to beat his game. This had its effect on Mr. Morphy, and he revenged himself as follows: When the Birmingham chess tournament came off, Mr. Morphy refused to join it; the result was, that Mr. Staunton and Mr. Löwenthal came together as the champions of the tournament, and Mr. Löwenthal—as Mr. Morphy expected—beat Mr. Staunton badly. Mr. Morphy then challenged the eight champions of the tournament to play them, blindfolded, all at once! The challenge was reluctantly accepted, and Mr. Morphy won seven out of the eight games—a feat unprecedented in the game of chess, and showing a mental power that has no corresponding example. Mr. Morphy's next victory will be over Mr. Staunton, the game having been arranged. As an evidence of the style of Mr. Morphy, we give the following elegant little game between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Barnes:

*(Philidor's Defense to the Knight's Opening.)*

| | WHITE (Mr. B.). | BLACK (Mr. M.). |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. | K Kt to K B 3d | P to Q 3d |
| 3. | P to Q 4th | P to K B 4th |

(Mr. Morphy thinks this move of Philidor's, properly followed up, is not quite so hazardous as some writers on chess have represented it to be.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4. | Q P takes K P | K B P takes K P |
| 5. | K Kt to K Kt 5th | P to Q 4th |
| 6. | P to K 6th | K B to Q B 4th |

(The usual move is—6. K Kt to K R 3d; on which White's best play we believe to be—7. Q Kt to Q B 3d; a move to which no satisfactory defense has yet been shown.) The move adopted by Black in the present game appears to be stronger than bringing out the King's Kt, but it has yet to undergo analysis.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7. | K Kt to K B 7th | |

(He might have taken the K Pawn, regaining the piece, if his Kt were captured, by checking with the Queen at K R 5th, etc.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7. | | Q to K B 3d |
| 8. | Q B to K 3d | P to Q 5th |
| 9. | Q B to K Kt 5th | Q to K B 4th |
| 10. | K Kt takes R | Q takes B. |
| 11. | K B to Q B 4th | Q Kt to Q B 3d |
| 12. | Kt to K B 7th | Q takes K Kt P |
| 13. | R to K B sq | K Kt to K B 3d |
| 14. | P to K B 3d | Q Kt to Q Kt 5th |
| 15. | Q Kt to Q R 3d | Q B takes K P |

(This is highly ingenious.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 16. | B takes B | Q Kt to Q 6th (ch) |
| 17. | Q takes Kt | |

(His only way to postpone defeat; for, if Pawn takes Kt, he is mated evidently in two moves.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 17. | | P takes Q |
| 18. | Castles | B takes Q Kt |
| 19. | B to Q Kt 3d | P to Q 7th (ch) |
| 20. | K to Kt sq | B to Q B 4th |
| 21. | Kt to K 5th | K to K B sq |
| 22. | Kt to Q 3d | R to K sq |
| 23. | Kt takes B | Q takes R |

And White resigns.

## THE SON OF FRANCE.

BY way of explaining the above title, we may as well mention at once that the son of the French monarch is always called the "Son of France," the French people at large being *ex-officio* and by reason of loyalty his natural fathers and guardians. In this sense the people of France have been blessed with an abundance of posterity of late years. Henry Cinq was a son of France; the numerous offspring of Louis Philippe were sons and daughters of France; and now the son of the Emperor Napoleon the Third—whose portrait we give on the preceding page—is also known to the loyal world and the army as the "Son of France."

As he is but just out of his cradle, it can hardly be expected that he can have much of a biography as yet. But it is due to history that, in writing of his Imperial babyship, mention should be made of his military career. When he was an infant of a few days old, with no higher aim than a copious supply of the primitive food of infancy, and no other sorrows than those caused by physical pains in the abdominal region, he was duly admitted to the army as a private. The unswerving rectitude of his conduct, and his uniform attention to duty, may be inferred from the fact that, since his first enrollment, he has never once suffered punishment, or even been called to account by his military superiors. Doubtless in consequence of this exemplary behavior, he has recently been designated by his commanding officer as a fit subject for promotion. It was probably shown that from the time he first enlisted—at the age of several weeks—to the present moment—he is three years old—he has never been convicted of drunkenness, or insubordination, or brawling, or improper intrigues. Such a soldier was evidently a fit subject for advancement; and accordingly, last month, his Imperial Highness was duly promoted to the rank of corporal, with the right of drawing an additional *sou* a day and an extra glass of *piquette*.

This is in strict accordance with monarchical usage. They have almost got over these puerilities in England; but the present Prince of Wales was entitled, in virtue of his birth, to hold a court of justice in Lancaster, and administer the law, when he was five years old, and every body knows that George the Fourth was a bishop at six. Some of the German princes exercise—or are deemed in law to exercise—authority, temporal and ecclesiastical, almost from the hour of their birth. Indeed, mental or physical capacity has never been considered essential in the case of persons of royal blood to the performance of public duties. In the old quasi-absolute kingdoms of Europe, fifteen and eighteen were usually the ages at which princes attained their majority, and entered upon the enjoyment of their royal powers; certainly the French Prince is as competent to be a corporal at three, and George was as fit to be a bishop at six, as these beardless boys were to administer despotic governments. In such cases one must fall back on the poet's adage:

"La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années."

## LITERARY.

THE hymns of the saints have been the most sublime poetry in all ages. Poets of every name and language, seeking the grandest themes for their pencils, have found them in those subjects which the religious history and the destiny of the race of man suggest. But it is not alone in the epics of great poets, the music of Dante, the fervor of Tasso, the sublimity of Milton, that the perfection of religious poetry is found. It is as manifest in the simple songs that are heard by the firesides of cottagers, and in the triumphant notes that have rung from the lips of the martyrs and confessors in all ages. Words of simple beauty and sublime import, which have had power over flood and flames, whose tones have reached heaven from the very depths of human woe, which have calmed tempests of sorrow, smoothed pillows of death, shut down grief in deep graves, and opened views of heaven from the verge of the pit—such words, though they be homely, unpolished, unlearned, have nevertheless in them all the elements of true poetry, and have been sealed to immortality by a more certain stamp than has been placed on even the Father of Greek song or the blind Old Man Eloquent of England. If there be any of the songs of earth which will outlast this life, and of which we shall be permitted to take the words and phrases with us to heaven to be used in the choirs there, they are these of which we now speak. There be old men and maidens in heaven who remember with intensest joy the psalms and songs of earth, and whose eager lips tremble to the notes of the golden harps, if they do not actually utter the old songs they sang in the Sunday mornings of their earthly pilgrimage.

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blessed
That might his music hear!
There Mary sings Magnificat,
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet!

TE DEUM doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like,
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With all blest saints, whose harmony
Through every street doth ring!

Our attention is directed to the subject at present by a volume published by Carter & Brothers—THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN SONG; OR, HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF MANY LANDS AND AGES. The author is an English clergyman. The work seems to be enthusiastically executed, and with great success. The book will therefore prove acceptable to all Christians and to all lovers of the finest lyrics in any languages. Translations are given which, in some instances, are improvements on those that we have heretofore had; but the chief value of the book consists in its arrangement and condensation, within a few pages, of so many of the noblest hymns and so much of their history.

Clement of Alexandria, Ephraim Syrus, and Gregory of Nazianzum, lead the choir. St. Ambrose, Gregory the Great, Venantius, and Bernard follow. The Medieval hymns are well chosen and well translated. We especially admire the rendering of Cardinal Damiani's—

"Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit arida."

Here is the first stanza:

In the fount of life perennial, the parched heart its thirst would slake,
And the soul in flesh imprisoned, longs her prison walls to break—
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her fatherland to wake.

Many of the finest hymns of the Church have been in the Latin language. The principle of the Reformed Church, that public worship should be conducted in the vulgar tongue of the worshipers, to which we all accede, by no means forbids the private enjoyment of those outbursts of Christian joy and hope which have come down to us from good men of olden times. We have reason to regret that, of late years, the knowledge of most of the old hymns of the monks has been almost lost, even by those who are capable of appreciating their excellence, and that thus a noble class of hymns of praise is likely to be forever forgotten.

The volume of Mr. Trench on "Sacred Latin Poetry," published in 1849, is an excellent compendium of these hymns, although we have marked some important errors and omissions in the examples given by him. Want of space forbids our recalling many of the hymns to the recollection of those of our readers who have known them. Let a few stanzas suffice. Here is one, from Adam of St. Victor, on John the Baptist:

Ardens fide, verbo lucens,
Et ad veram lucem ducens
Multa docet millia.
Non *lux* iste sed *lucerna*,
Christus vero lux eterna,
Lux illustrans omnia.

The splendor of the hymn of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, "To the Holy Trinity," has seldom been surpassed in any language:

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto!
Te saluto, te suspiro!
Te affecto, te requiro!

Perhaps the most remarkable of all the early Latin hymns is that of Bernard de Clugny, "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis," written in the twelfth century. The treble rhyme and the admirable rhythm make it a literary curiosity:

Urbs Sion inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto saluto;
Nec meretis peto, nam meretis meto, morte perire,
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ;

and thus through three thousand hexameter lines!

Let us hope that the book before us, the first of its kind in America, will induce others to look up these songs of praise, and recognize in them those simple and sublime hopes and affections that characterize the Christian soul in all countries and times. We commend the volume to universal circulation. Its character is familiar and fitted to the home and family, and will open to all Christian houses a new mine of poetry and piety.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE Government expedition to Paraguay will start in the course of a month. It is to consist of some fifteen vessels. The steamers *Fulton* and *Water Witch*, forming part of the expedition, are now ready for sea. Guns of very heavy calibre have been selected for both vessels—the armament of the *Fulton* consisting of one eleven-inch shell gun on a pivot, and four of nine-inch in broadside; and that of the *Water Witch* of one nine-inch shell gun on a pivot. In addition, the *Fulton* will carry two boat howitzers, and the *Water Witch* three, one of which is a heavy twenty-four pounder, mounted on a pivot, on the forecastle. Both vessels are supplied with small arms and ammunition of the most approved kind, including the Sharpe and Minié muskets, together with revolvers.

### STATE OF AFFAIRS IN UTAH.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The civil officers now reside in Salt Lake City, but the army is encamped forty miles to the south, in Cedar Valley. Some of the people are employed on the high roads, and some are employed by the merchants building warehouses at Bridger. These all have good wages and good pay. Others within a hundred miles of the camp, who have a cow or chicken, send their milk, butter, and eggs to the army, where they get extravagant prices—for instance, twenty-five cents a quart for butter-milk. But it is more to their praise who will give it than the people's blame who do receive it; for the people are poor, and the soldiers will pity them, and the sympathizing kindness of that army to this people can never all be told. General Johnston has the confidence and good-will of the people. The officers are, in all respects, well-bred gentlemen, and with a refinement purely American they vie with each other in doing good at every opportunity. But the soldiers—the private soldiers—those Irishmen and others—what shall be said of them? They would almost give the clothes off their backs, and then empty their chest, to clothe the naked people; sometimes they sell them for a trifle, but more frequently they give them away."

### DREADFUL STATE OF THE WOMEN.

He adds: "Ladies of America, ladies of Europe, will you pardon the communication of a revolting truth, in vulgar English? You need not pronounce the words with audible voice when you read them, but ponder them well in your hearts. The truth is this: There are among this people, at this hour, hundreds of females who have not a shift to their backs, and in instances not a few their outer garments (*alias* tatter and rags) are insufficient to conceal their nakedness as they go about the house. Men and boys in the same condition. The causes of this lamentable distress may, perhaps, be found in Brigham's cruel despotism, in Governor Cumming's puerile administration, and in the suspension of federal protection and aid."

### AN EXPLORATION OF THE MAELSTROM IN THE KENTUCKY CAVE.

The Louisville *Journal* contains the following account of a thrilling adventure, the hero of which is understood to be the son of Mr. Prentice: "At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark, and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe while Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none had the daring ever to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave if he would descend to the bottom of it; but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet; but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

"A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope, of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the proposed point of exploration.

#### THE DESCENT.

"The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch.

"Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats thrown over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand, and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

"We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged from appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water, and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top.

#### WHAT HE SAW AT THE BOTTOM.

"He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit.

#### THE PERILS OF THE RETURN.

"Reaching the mouth of that cave he swung himself with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards, to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth.

"Returning to the mouth of this avenue he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he refastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.

"When he was 90 feet from the mouth of the pit and 100 feet from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable.

"But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and and his friend Professor Wright, from overexertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.

"The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries."

### WHY THE TELEGRAPH WILL NOT WORK.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Free Press* thus writes: "I am informed by a gentleman officially connected with the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company that the reason why the line has not been announced as being in working order and open to the public is this: Over a year ago a contract was entered into by the Company with Professor Wheatstone, by which, for forty days after the laying of the cable, Professor W. should have exclusive use of it for the purpose of testing his instrument. If successful, he should be paid a salary of five thousand pounds for his services as electrician, and five thousand pounds per annum, for twenty years, for the use of his instruments.

"Should the instruments of Professor W. prove inadequate for the service, the Company agreed with Professor Thompson that he should have the next use of the line for fifteen days, to test his apparatus, on the same terms as those made with Professor Wheatstone; and, in the event of his failure, the line was next to be placed in charge of Professor Hughes, for twenty days, with no agreement as to salary or remuneration for the use of his instruments. Thus stands the case at present. At the expiration of seventy-five days from the day the cable was submitted to the tests of Professor Wheatstone we shall know definitely what will be done. It is pretty much conceded, however, that the Hughes instrument will be adopted."

### A SHOCKING STORY.

The following wicked story is told by the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "A lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, her form and general appearance smacking largely of the *haut ton*, dropped into a famous emporium, which at the time was well filled with customers, and accosting one of the clerks, requested to be shown some garters. As speedily as possible an assortment of those much to be envied elastic bandages were placed before her, when, singling out a pair, she, with the most charming and easy grace imaginable, elevated a foot of delicious symmetry upon a stool, and in the most *naïve* manner proceeded to adjust them in the usual place above the knee. The proceeding caused somewhat of a sensation among those present, operating, however, with different effect upon the feminine and male portion of the lookers on—the latter being struck with the graceful shape of the leg, and enjoying the exhibition with much gusto, while the former blushed from their eyebrows to their own delicate understandings."

### UNSHIPPING A CAT'S RUDDER.

Jack Larboard, a disabled sailor, undertook to cultivate and decorate his grandmother's flower garden in front of the old Mansion House at Welfleet. The daisies, and the dandelions, and the daffydowndillies were springing up beautifully, to the great delight of the crippled floriculturist. But an immense cat of the masculine gender committed depredations in the premises almost nightly, scratching up the roots, tearing off the stalks, etc. At length, embracing his opportunity, Jack, with a sudden lunge of his spade, nearly deprived the

intruder of its entire caudal elongation. "Where's my cat?" sharply inquired its lady owner over the way. "Ah, ha!" said Jack, "he'll not trouble *me* any more. I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder, set him off before the wind, and blow me if he'll ever be able to steer his way back again!"

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE CABLE.

AT a dinner given at Dublin in honor of the cable, Cardinal Wiseman made a speech, from which the following is an extract: "I have no hesitation in saying that it is time now for the American eagle to let go those lightnings which it is represented as grasping in its talons, and let them drop into the ocean, and they will cross it safely and come to us, not accompanied with any manner of thunder, but speaking the words of softness and of peace. [Hear, hear.] While this graver aspect of things comes naturally to the mind, there is one which presents itself to me that I can not forbear to linger on with more of tenderness and love. I can imagine a poor mother in the west of Ireland—a poor Galway or Mayo peasant—who had sent her stalworth sons, the promise of her old age, far away as emigrants to those distant regions to gather the gold, not what nature has cast broadcast on the land, but that which honest industry reaps from it; and I can imagine her, when, perhaps, the day of her widowhood has come, sitting on the farthest crag that juts into the Atlantic, no longer contemplating that waste of waters as a desolate wilderness which separates her from those she loves, but as a means of instant communication with them—as a way of making known to them her joys and her distresses, and of receiving back in a few hours words of consolation and of promise. It will unite the hearts of many now estranged, and, though it may look rather chimerical to consider instances of this individual reciprocal communication as of frequent or of common everyday occurrence, yet it will sweeten the bitterness of separation, and make emigration no longer exile. [Applause.] It will prevent the severing of one from the other, resulting in a loss of kindred feeling, and it will renew the affections of life. [Applause.] When those who are in Canada, in the wastes of the North, or buried in the forests of the West, know day by day how the sun is shining or the earth is looking in their own native land—when they know, as if they were on the spot, what measures of improvement are before the Legislature and before the people—when they know, on the other hand, that at home all the prospects of their adopted country are known—the promises of the harvest, the state of commerce, and the improvements of society, and that, in fact, the communication between the two countries is no longer a matter of weeks or of months, as formerly, but of days and hours—a much closer bond of union will be formed than was imagined by those persons who believed that, by looking at the same sun, moon, or star at the same hour, they were brought into communion with one another. It is, therefore, a matter of great pride that this island has been chosen by Divine Providence as the means of this most happy communication—of this binding of nations and worlds in bonds which we may trust will be of irrevocable and indissoluble peace. It is no small pride for it to have seen the most splendidly-successful application of the most magnificent of those gifts of science and genius which God has given for a blessing and an honor to this age; that, after so many years of sorrow and suffering, of calamities of every sort, of famine and disease, this glory should have been given as a recompense to this noble land."

### LORD DERBY AT COURT.

A London correspondent retails the following gossip: "I have heard that the gayety of Lord Palmerston is inferior to that of the present premier, Lord Derby, whose animal life and spirits are those of a boy, and whose humor and fun are of the most happy and exuberant kind. I am told that his visits to her Majesty at Osborne, Windsor, and, above all, at Scotland, where his stay is longer, is hailed by the whole Court with the greatest delight, as a relief to the inevitable shade of monotony and gloom which accompanies all Courts, and from which even the proverbially merry one of Charles II. was not exempt. Perhaps there is no better test of the social qualities and personal agreeableness of our public men than the estimation in which they are held by the smart society which figures in the *Court Circular*. Of the present Cabinet, Lord Derby is pre-eminently acceptable to all, and he has nearly, I fear, a monopoly of favor. The amiable, gentle, and gentlemanly Walpole can never offend and must be ever well received, but he excites no enthusiasm and inspires no warmth. The humor of Mr. Disraeli wants freedom and elasticity, and is too sarcastic and biting to be acceptable to fine ladies and gentlemen; and Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, indeed, is, when well known and often seen, the most charming of companions, with immense stores of anecdote and knowledge, and matchless power of narrative. But then it requires time to familiarize people to his peculiarities of appearance and manner, and he labors also under the disadvantage of being slightly deaf. If, however, he pays a visit to the Queen at Balmoral, Lord Derby will have a formidable rival for the favor of the society of the Court."

### HOW MORPHY WON EIGHT GAMES WITHOUT SEEING THE BOARDS.

"The proceedings of the Chess Congress," says a Birmingham paper, "have been almost entirely suspended for the purpose of watching the progress of a chess-playing feat never before witnessed in England. We refer to Mr. Morphy's playing eight games blindfolded. His opponents were Lord Lyttleton, President of the Association; Mr. Salmon, the best player Ireland affords; Mr. J. Kipping, Jun., Secretary of the Manchester Club, and a very strong player; Mr. Avery, President of the Birmingham Club; Mr. Carr, Secretary of the Leamington Club; Dr. Freeman, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. W. R. Wills. The play commenced at one o'clock, and terminated about a quarter past six o'clock, and resulted in Mr. Morphy winning every game except the one with Mr. Kipping. The *modus operandi* was very simple. Mr. Morphy sat at one end of the library; at a table at the other end sat his eight opponents, with their eight boards before them. Mr. Morphy gazing at the lozenged window above him, and leaning carelessly with his arm thrown over the bench on which he sits, attacked each board in succession. Move and counter-move were audibly announced by a friend, and when the tables had been traversed one move at a time, the process was recommenced. It was a most interesting scene. Mr. Morphy had the whole eight games so thoroughly 'in his head,' that when a piece was accidentally shifted on one of the boards, and a move was made in which it was involved, he at once detected something was wrong, and exclaimed that it was 'an impossible move.' Such it was acknowledged to be. The piece ought never to have been on that square. In the same game Mr. Morphy left a piece *en prise*, the taking of which involved a mate in a few moves, and accordingly on his adversary taking the piece, unconscious of the snare laid for him, the game became Mr. Morphy's almost immediately. His play was very rapid. Each game lasted on the average about thirty moves, so that he had to bear in mind at least two hundred and forty moves, and the position of every board throughout from beginning to end. The fact was evidently regarded by those present as an effort of genius not to be accomplished by more than one or two individuals in a century. Of the eight simultaneous games, Mr. Morphy won six, drew one against Mr. Avery, President of the Birmingham Chess Club, and lost only one—that against Mr. Kipping. The eight games occupied about six hours, and at the close, Mr. Morphy being asked if he felt fatigued, said, 'Not in the least!' but he should be glad to get his dinner! The match between Messrs. Staunton and Morphy stands thus: Stake, £500 a side; the scorer of the first eleven games wins. To commence on the 1st of November next. Mr. Morphy was to proceed from Birmingham to Paris, to challenge Herr Harrwitz (hitherto the most celebrated blindfold player in Europe), and probably afterward to Breslau, to play Herr Anderssen; but it is expected that this match with the latter will be played in London."

### A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT TURNING PLAY-ACTOR.

Mr. John Townsend, a member of the British Parliament, in a letter to the papers, acknowledges that he has accepted a theatrical engagement for fifty nights, but that the terms offered "far exceed" the sum which has been named (£25 a week). He also states that he intends to resign his seat for Greenwich before he appears in his Shakspearian characters, and that nothing but his great desire to pay his creditors would ever have induced him to accept an engagement as an actor. It appears that Mr. Townsend has frequently trodden the boards as an amateur for charitable purposes, under the names of "Mortimer" and "Winter." It is suggested that he make his new *début* in the well known play, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

## FRANCE.

### FRENCH FANATICISM REBUKED.

Great sensation has been occasioned at Maubeuge by the following disagreeable occurrence: Several Protestants had, it appears, sought and obtained permission to meet together for devotional purposes. Matters went on quietly enough until, one day, they were, if we are rightly informed, accused of proselytism. The Sub-Prefect, indignant at such a scandal, immediately ordered their arrest and committal to prison. Two hours afterward, and when we suppose the nerves of the functionary in question had recovered from the shock they had received sufficiently to allow of the exercise of reason, he gave orders to set them at liberty. There, however, he had reckoned without his host, for his prisoners sturdily refused the proffered boon until permission should come from head-quarters for them to worship God, and even to make proselytes in such manner as they might deem fit. The Sub-Prefect then ordered the *gens d'armes* to turn them out; but here again he was baffled, for among their number there happened to be a *cousintendant militaire* wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, which, as you are aware, renders inviolable the person of the wearer, so far, at least, as *gens d'armes* and police are concerned, until after the performance of certain legal formalities. This individual stood before his companions so as to cover them, and then dared the *gens d'armes* to lay a finger on him. Meanwhile the news of the whole affair had spread like wildfire through the town, and a vast concourse was assembled in front of the prison. The Sub-Prefect, finding himself foiled at every point, then tried to arrange the matter *à l'aimable* by going personally, accompanied by the Mayor and (unofficially) by the two colonels commanding the cavalry and infantry in the neighborhood, to *beg* the prisoners to leave; but all was of no avail. They remained firm until they gained their point, for a dispatch promptly arrived from Paris, granting the permission they requested, and ordering their instant release. On leaving the prison they received a veritable ovation at the hands of the townspeople, who, in immense numbers, were stationed in the neighborhood of the prison. The general opinion is that the Sub-Prefect will be relieved of his duties.

### HOW TO BECOME A NOBLEMAN.

The *Droit* has the following: "A certain M. B——, who has made some money by speculating on the Bourse, had a great desire to obtain a knighthood, and he got himself introduced to a notary, who, having been dismissed for misconduct, occupies himself with disreputable affairs. This notary put himself in communication with a man calling himself Count de Bellefonds, who told him that he could obtain him the order of the Four Emperors of Germany for 2000 francs. M. B—— readily agreed to pay the sum, provided he was satisfied of the respectability of the parties with whom he had to deal. On this he was taken to a man who calls himself Count de St. Maurice Cabanis, though he is only the son of a stationer of the Rue St. Avoie, and who assumes the high-sounding title of Historiographer of the Order of the Four Emperors of Germany and of the Lion of Holstein Limburg. The *soi-disant* count who wore several orders, and whose table was covered with parchment and heraldic devices, made such representations to the Bourse speculator as completely satisfied him, and he paid at once 2000 francs, for a diploma of Knight of the Four Emperors, which was a really clever specimen of calligraphic art. M. B—— then went to the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor to solicit authorization to wear the decoration of his dignity, but was told to his astonishment that the Order of the Four Emperors long since ceased to exist. He immediately complained to the police, and an investigation was instituted. The result is the discovery that there exist at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Rome, Florence, and Parma, a number of men who make large sums by selling parchments, pedigrees, titles, portraits of ancestors, orders of knighthood, honorary dignities, academical distinctions, etc. At Paris, it appears, establishments for dealing in such things are very numerous, and the directors of them call themselves heralds, genealogists, chronologists, historiographers, etc. For money they undertake to write the biography of any one, to supply any one with a line of ancestors, or to procure him a title or decoration. Some of them really have at their disposition insignificant orders created by petty princes of Germany or Italy; and when that is the case they do business in a certain methodical order. Others simply swindle, and to effect their object with the greater ease they artfully obtain on different pretexts legislations of signatures from the prefecture of police, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or foreign embassies. Sometimes they invent orders of their own authority; one of the orders created by them is that of Don Juan de Nicaragua. It is expected that before the investigation of the police is terminated some curious discoveries will be made."

### THE LAST FRENCH MIRACLE.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent writes: "An artless young Gascon maiden has had visions of a lady in white, hard by a fountain—a sort of White Lady of Avenel tale. The fountain is said only to have spouted forth since the white lady sprouted out from among the bushes at the entrance of the cavern. The young girl sees the vision and falls into ecstasies, while surrounding crowds can nothing discern. The *Univers* dispatched a special commissioner to the spot, and M. Louis Veuillot wrote five columns on the subject. He wisely reserves his opinion concerning the miracle until an investigation now taking place by the ecclesiastical authorities shall be terminated. Great, doubtless, will be the chirruping of the *Univers* should their report be in favor of the *bona fide* nature of the transaction, and should it be decided that the Virgin Mary has once more descended upon earth, and, like Moses, has caused water to flow where none was seen before. At the risk of being set down as a blasphemer by the *Univers*, I can not help expressing my surprise, which I suspect will be shared by most Englishmen and a great many Frenchmen, that such trashy delusions or impostures as this can be for an instant entertained in this intellectual and highly civilized country by any body, superior to a profoundly ignorant peasant, who is not a fit inmate for Charenton. This is no illusion to the writers in the *Univers*. They are far too shrewd and clever to believe any thing of the kind, however much it may suit them that their readers should."

## GERMANY.

### SETTLEMENT OF THE PRUSSIAN REGENCY.

A letter from Berlin confirms the important announcement of the elevation of the Prince of Prussia to the functions of Regent of the kingdom: "The question relative to the Government is at length decided. Two days ago there was received at Babelsburg a resolution of the King on the subject, but which will not, however, be published before the expiration of the present delegation. The Prince of Prussia will, on the 23d of October, take in hand the reins of government, with the complete exercise of sovereignty, and in quality of Regent. This affair is settled in all its political bearings; it only remains to make the necessary financial arrangements. This information may be considered as authentic."

### IS THE PRUSSIAN MARRIAGE A HAPPY ONE?

A courtier writes: "All sorts of rumors on the subject of the Queen's visit to Germany have been industriously hatched abroad, and widely circulated in England, through the medium of persons in high position, not one of which has the slightest foundation in fact. Among others it was freely hinted that the late marriage was not a happy one, and that the sudden visit of Prince Albert to Germany, and the present journey of her Majesty, had reference to this subject. This report is a gross scandal. The new married pair are among the happiest couples in existence, and are a pattern to all persons. This report did not originate in England, but was imported, as already stated, by persons of high position, to whom the alliance was by no means agreeable. It is understood that in a few months there will be a future heir to the throne of Prussia, and this will further add to the chagrin of those who are already very bitter at this most happy union."

### ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Alexander von Humboldt completed his 89th year on 14th inst., having been born September 14, 1769. The fourth volume of his "Cosmos" was issued during the last year, and he is now engaged in writing the fifth. The following is the last letter we have seen from this distinguished man. It is to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, declining an invitation to be present at the Third Centennial Anniversary of the University of Jena, in consequence of the weight of bodily infirmity. The closing part of the letter is a striking evidence of the unquenchable spirit of the venerable *savant:*

"BERLIN, *August* 10, 1858.

"Your Magnificence having in your own name and in the name of the highly-honored Senate of the Grand Ducal Saxon united University, favored me with an invitation to appear as an honored guest at the glorious, genuine Protestant Jubilee of the 15th August, I have delayed writing to express my deep gratitude till now, almost flattering myself in my 89th year, with the hope that I might transgress the orders of my physicians requiring me to remain quiet and without change. My wishes have not been fulfilled. Not my laboriousness, not the interest which I take in the free public intellectual life of Germany, but my physical powers are rapidly declining, and I must deny myself the privilege of going where I am drawn by pleasant and suggestive recollections and feelings of the deepest gratitude.

"Most respectfully, and commending myself to your favor, I remain, your most obedient colleague,

"ALEXANDER V. HUMBOLDT."

### THE WIESBADEN BANK BROKEN.

The bank at the Cursaal, of Wiesbaden, was broken last week by a Prussian gentleman. In less than half an hour the bank encountered two heavy series, which, being backed with spirit, resulted in a loss to the establishment of 250,000 francs. The Prussian played the highest stakes ($500 francs) authorized by the bank, and his example was followed by other players. This success will, doubtless, afford immense consolation to those whose hard cash had contributed to the accumulation of the quarter of a million thus rapidly swept away.

### A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* of Vienna has the following: "A wealthy ironmaster of Silesia, M. Godulla, was in 1845, in one of his walks, solicited for charity by a remarkably handsome little girl, but he abruptly refused her. On his return the girl again begged earnestly for a pfenning, and in doing so fixed her large blue eyes on him in a marked manner. He was much struck with her, and was so pleased with the intelligent replies she gave to his questions that he took her home and obtained the consent of her parents to adopt her. Three years after he died, leaving a fortune of 4,000,000 thalers, and by his will he directed that 3,000,000 of it should belong to the girl, the other 1,000,000 to his own relatives; but the will set forth that if the girl were to die without children the 3,000,000 thalers should go to the relatives. The girl lately married Count de Schaffgotsch, head of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Prussia, and shortly after an attempt was made to assassinate her. Great sensation has lately been occasioned by a fresh attempt of the like kind having been made."

## SPAIN.

### MURDER OF FIVE YOUNG GIRLS.

The Barcelona journals contain an account of a horrible and almost incredible assassination of five young girls, at Vich, in Catalonia. It appears that on the 21st ult., as six young girls, of the ages of 23, 21, 14, 13, 12, and 10 years, were walking home from Mataus cotton-mills, which are situated near the village of Rodas, to Ingarolas, they were stopped by two miscreants, who, pistol in hand, obliged them to turn back to a solitary place in Serradsnwood. Here they were ordered to sit down, and, while one wretch kept guard over five, the other led the eldest a few paces off and plunged his long Catalan knife into her throat. Her dying shriek was heard by her companions, who, one by one, were led away and butchered. The youngest of all, a child of ten years, on receiving a wound in the neck, fell, feigning death, upon which the assassins, after taking the little money the girls had about them, went to the village of Rodas, where they lived. The crime was perpetrated at night. The wounded child remained motionless till daylight, when she crawled to a neighboring farm-house. When the authorities arrived at the seat of crime they found the three eldest girls dead, and two desperately wounded. The cause of this bloody act is said to have been jealousy, arising from some display of coquetry at a ball the preceding Sunday, where the prettiest of the girls, the one twenty-one years of age, refused to dance with one of the assassins, or to return him a ring or some other love-token. He had then looked for an accomplice, and found one in a neighbor. The accomplice, it appears from the deposition of the child, would have spared the younger ones, but the other, alleging the danger of discovery, insisted upon their completing their butcher's work. The authorities are making the most active exertions to discover the lurking places of the culprits, whose persons are well known to the workmen of the numerous mills.

## TURKEY.

### THE COST OF KEEPING A SULTANA.

With reference to the extravagance of the Sultan's family, a private letter published in Paris, says—"The firman of the Sultan has created an immense sensation in Constantinople, but every one feels the necessity for putting a check on the reckless extravagance of the Sultanas and the ladies of the palace, and also to the extortions which are the result of it. One Sultana, who has only been married a year, has found means to contract debts to the amount of forty millions of piastres. This amount may appear extraordinary, but all astonishment will cease when it is mentioned that a diamond ring, valued at the most at 25,000 piastres, is charged in the books 130,000 piastres, and that a piano by Erard, worth 6000 francs, was sold at the palace for 30,000 francs; and so on for other articles. Very serious suspicions weigh on certain intendants of the civil list. The interrogatory of Eschref Effendi, first intendant of Ethem Pacha, son-in-law of the Sultan, had already commenced the day before yesterday, and it is said that several of the intendants of the Imperial Palace will undergo similar examinations."

## EGYPT.

### THE "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER."

The steam frigate *Voyageur de la Mer*, from Boston and Gibraltar, built at Boston for his Highness the Pacha of Egypt, and having on board Colonel Greene, Yenam Effendi, and Mr. Stone, arrived at Malta on the 24th of August, and left on the 25th for Alexandria. We gave a picture of this vessel in a former number.

## AFRICA.

### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S PROGRESS.

The subjoined is an extract of a letter from Dr. Livingstone. It is dated "Zambesi, 25th of June, 1858," and was received by the gentleman to whom it is addressed (Charles L. Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal) on the 28th ult.:

"We reached the southernmost branch of the Zambesi on the 14th (of May), and found the bar much smoother than we anticipated. The breakers were rather boisterous on each side of us, but we entered safely, making signals for her Majesty's ship *Hermes* as to the depth of the water, till she was out of sight on her way to Kilimane, to deliver our credentials to the Portuguese. As we were now in the midst of mangrove swamps, we took quinine, and believing it to be a work of necessity to get away as quickly as possible, the launch was put together. Two days were required to get her into working trim, and we are now threading our way up among the swamps, the launch piloting the *Pearl*. Saw but one native.

"I add a few lines to say that, after exploring different mouths of the Zambesi, we have at last found a very good bar and harbor, which leads us into the main stream. The water was falling fast, and as we were ordered not to risk the detention of the *Pearl* in the river, we thought it most prudent to let her depart, and, landing our house on an island, we put our things there, and now trust to the launch to take us up the country. Captains Gordon and Bedingfield are delighted with the river. The latter says it is quite unlike the rivers on the west coast. We have had no fever, and have ascertained one great fact, if this is to be a highway into the heart of Africa. This time of the year is perfectly safe for Europeans: not a single man of the *Pearl* or *Hermes*, or of the expedition, has been attacked by the disease. You are aware that I left the river at Mazaro (in coming from the interior in 1856), and that we have been indebted for our knowledge of the parts below that to Captain Parker. We went up to Mazaro, and I looked with a thrilling sensation of gratitude on the smooth spot on which I made my last astronomical observation on the Zambesi, and the identical little hut in which I slept. The hippopotami can't bear the steamer at all; the crustiest old bachelor among them goes off pell-mell as soon as we come near. We are on good terms with the natives. We will go to Tete next week. No fever yet."

## INDIA.

### WHAT A SIKH IS LIKE.

Mr. Russell writes: "Part of the road was crowded with the baggage of a Sikh regiment returning toward the Punjab. What piles of 'loot!' I am told that is a more expressive word than either 'pillage' or 'plunder'—each surmounted by a gayly-dressed lady; while the lean-limbed, sinewy Sikh, in his dust-colored turban, carkee tunic, and tight trowsers, strode along lightly by the side of the cart, laughing and singing with delight at the prospect of a return to his native deserts! It is a serious thing to reflect upon that there are seventy and odd thousand of these fiery soldiers, who, now faithful to us, are full of Punic faith and more than Oriental cunning, and who were but too often the foremost and the most sanguinary among the ringleaders of the mutiny—seventy-three thousand of them drilled, equipped, and armed, fighting for us south of the Sutlej, and talking of the time when they may have to fight against us. Their present 'Goroo' is John Lawrence; but there is no one in India more deeply sensible of the danger which *may* come from the race he rules with such facile and mighty hand than the great administrator of the Punjab. These fellows are *clinquant* with gold. They have huge ear-rings of the precious metal, and cables of it with fringes of mohurs round their necks. Their sword hilts are nuggets; the richest scarfs and shawls encircle their lite waists. With their flashing black eyes, fine thin noses, glossy black mustaches, beard, and upturned whiskers, light, grinning smile opening up the rows of sharp white teeth, their quick light tread, and lithe movements, they put one more in mind of tigers than any race of men I ever beheld.

### WILL THE SIKHS REBEL HEREAFTER?

"The tiger has tasted blood in the plains below, but his meal will content him for the present. It must not be supposed that the beast did not give trouble now and then. 'Like the Hindoo, he regards the cow as a sacred creature, and in one instance we had to give orders that no oxen should be slaughtered except at a distance from camp, in order that the Sikhs might not be offended. Some of these regiments, such as Wilde's and Brasyer's the Ferozepore regiment, have fought as hard, if not more fiercely, done as much service, and lost as many from the enemy, as any of our English battalions, but it can not be denied that much depends upon their officers. The men can, of course, march better, and resist the heat of an Indian sun better, than ordinary Europeans. Some men they will follow to the death—for others they will not stir an inch. The general relation of the European to the native soldier is admirably expressed in a metaphor suggested, I believe, by Sir Colin Campbell himself in describing the merits of the two races: 'Take a bamboo and cast it against a tree, the shaft will rebound and fall harmless; tip it with steel, and it becomes a spear which will pierce deep and kill. The bamboo is the Asiatic—the steel point is the European!' Of the Sikh this is true only to a certain extent. He is made of tougher and denser material than bamboo; he is at least of oak, and hardens in the fire. Hodson's Horse refused to charge, if my letters tell me truth, the other day at Nawabgunge; but the Sikh never absolutely refuses to face the enemy."

### DRESS AND HABITS OF THE PEASANTRY.

He adds: "The peasantry whom we met between Kurnaul and Simla are lighter in color, in limb, and in dress than the sturdy population between Futteyghur and Delhi. The women, too, are less careful to muffle up their heads at the noise of our chariot-wheels, and rejoice in robes of saffron, scarlet, blue, and white, and in utterly abominable, tight, wrinkled, shape-destroying pantaloons. Their hair is more free, but not more graceful than that of the Hindoos; in lieu of bangles on their ankles and arms they wear shining metal rings on their big toes, and huge circles of gold through their nostrils. 'Why do your women wear rings in their noses?' I asked a native. 'For the same reason that the memsahibs (the ladies) wear them in their ears,' replied he. 'But, then, you have big rings on your toes,' rejoined I. 'Just as the sahibs have rings on their fingers,' said he; 'our toes are always uncovered in company.' 'But,' persisted I, 'natives of rank wear stockings in visiting.' 'And the sahibiogue,' quoth he, 'put covers of skins on their hands when they go out.' I felt it was useless to continue the argument."

## CHINA.

### CHINESE MURDERS.

A correspondent writes: "A dastardly murder was that of the cook of the 70th Bengal Native Infantry officers' mess, formerly servant to General Van Straubenzee; he spoke excellent English, and was a most valuable man. He had just reached a small avenue leading up to the temple in which the officers have their mess-room, when he was stabbed from behind, and, falling down, was headless in a moment. Two Sepoys were close by, and in such haste to get away were the assassins, that the knife was left in the victim's back. Brigadier Corfield, in charge at the time, agreed with the suggestion that an example of some kind should be made. The whole street was leveled with the ground. House destruction, in fact, is the business of the day. Saturday night some rockets were flung into the commissariat stores from houses adjacent. The whole neighborhood will come down in order that it shall not be repeated. Last Wednesday Captain Whiting, 70th Bengal Native Infantry, in charge of the East Gate, was sitting in the upper room of the barrack, when two shots passed close over his head, and through the roof. Looking round to see where they could come from, smoke was observed issuing through loop-holes in a house in the Straight Street of Benevolence and Love below. Action was prompt. A howitzer stood loaded, was fired through the gable of the building, and carried destruction to all within it. Now the military train coolies are busy moving the houses in the vicinity of all the gates.

### A SAMPLE OF FRENCH VENGEANCE.

"Four Frenchmen landed from one of the *Catinat's* boats for the purpose of purchasing provisions. When near South Gate, and in the new city, they were hemmed in by braves. Three cut their way through; the fourth was captured, and his head and hands cut off in almost less time than it takes to write this. The French naval commander on the river landed a party of men, marched to the street where the murder was committed, measured off one hundred paces, and at one end placed a detachment, with directions to shoot every man that tried to escape. A similar party barred the other end. Then came the revenge. Every adult male in the houses lining the hundred paces was seized, shot, his throat cut, and then left to swelter in the sun."

LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.—DRAWING THE LOGS TO THE CREEK.

LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK—THE CAMP HOUSE.

LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK—SHOOTING THE FALL.

## LUMBERING IN MAINE.

BANGOR is the capital of our Eastern lumber-land. For miles above the city a huge boom stretches from pier to pier to detain the myriads of logs floated down the Penobscot, while more than two hundred saw-mills are working night and day to convert them into boards and plank, scantling, laths, and the like. Of the four hundred millions of feet of lumber, valued at five millions of dollars, annually produced in Maine, more than half comes down the Penobscot. The affluents of this river penetrate in every direction the wild regions where the white pine is still found. These noble trees once abounded upon all the rivers and lakes in the State; but fire and the axe have driven them farther and farther back, until now the lumbermen must seek for them hundreds of miles in the depths of the primeval forest.

At Bangor our company was made up for a lumbering excursion to the head-waters of the river. Dan Hewitt, our "boss chopper," and myself were sent on some weeks ahead, to explore our claim and select a site for the winter camp. We rowed and poled our canoe two hundred miles up the narrowing stream; then, hauling it ashore, struck out into the forest. In a week we had thoroughly explored the ground and fixed upon a central spot for our camp.

"I'll have one look from this feller's head," said Dan; "and if all's right, this is the place."

We were standing at the foot of a huge "pumpkin pine," whose trunk, twenty feet in circumference, rose straight as a column above the surrounding trees. It was full sixty feet to the lowest branch, and a hundred more to the top.

"Do you intend to fly up?" I asked. "You might as well try to climb Bunker Hill Monument as that tree."

"You'll larn su'thin', youngster, if you live in the woods, and don't die afore your time comes," replied Dan, in a patronizing tone, as he lounged leisurely up to a tall spruce which stood a dozen feet from the pine. In a few minutes it was felled so that its topmost branches were interlocked with the lower ones of the pine. A smaller tree was in like manner cut so as to lodge against the spruce.

"That's the way we build stair-cases out in the woods. Jess foller me if you want to see how the land lays."

Up the small tree into the spruce, up the spruce into the pine, up among the great branches of the pine, we clambered, until we stood thirty feet above the tallest of the surrounding trees. For hundreds upon hundreds of acres the forest flamed in all the glory of the Indian summer—scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow, brown. We seemed to be looking down upon a boundless flower-garden. Here and there clumps of lofty pines raised their dark heads above their gorgeous neighbors. Dan's trained eye took in every thing, rapidly estimating the number and size of the trees, and the distance the logs must be hauled to the landing.

"I rather guess this is the smartest location in old Aroostook; and if any body'll show me a finer punkin' than this I'll agree to eat it. The butt-log will be worth fifty dollars down to the boom."

Returning to our boat, we found it in a dilapidated state. As winter approaches the bears manifest a strange eagerness for all resinous substances. They strip the bark from the spruces to get at the gum. The pitch with which our boat was smeared had attracted one of these shaggy gentry, who had almost ruined it in his efforts to secure the coveted delicacy or medicine, whichever it might be. We patched it up with difficulty, and made the best way down the river.

Half of our party—which numbered a score in all—were sent on in advance to prepare the camp, cut the main roads, and make other preparations; while the others were to collect the teams, and bring them on with our supplies for the winter, as soon as the frosts and early snows should render the swamps passable for cattle and sleds.

Our first task on reaching the ground was to build huts for ourselves and cattle. Logs were cut and arranged; the interstices chinked with clay and moss; and a roof formed of long strips of bark covered over with boughs. The floor was of bare earth. A huge fireplace at one end gave promise of abundant warmth; a pile of soft elastic hemlock twigs, at the other end, formed a bed which would have invited to repose men less tired than we were likely to be after our day's work. A rude table and benches and log stools composed our furniture. The cattle-shed received more care than our own. The cracks were more carefully chinked, and it had a floor of small poles laid closely together, and smoothed off with the adze.

We then began to cut the roads. Commencing at the landing, these ramify in all directions, so as to reach every available clump of pines. The "boss swamper" lays out the line. We follow, cutting the trees close to the ground, clearing away the underbrush, leveling the tops of the highest knolls, filling in the sharpest hollows, and throwing pole bridges over the brooks and sloughs. Our roads looked rough, considering the heavy loads to be hauled over them; but Nature would in due time finish the grading, so as to put to shame the best work of the most skillful engineers.

The glorious Indian Summer days were followed by keen winds, sharp frosts, and flurries of early snow. We welcomed these, for they foreboded the speedy arrival of our comrades and the teams, with fresh supplies of flour and meal, pork and beans, molasses and tobacco, tea and coffee; and, more than all, with letters and papers which should give us news of the busy world we had left behind.

Hardly had our comrades arrived when the weather suddenly changed. The keen northeast wind gave place to a warm breeze from the south. The atmosphere grew soft and hazy. Large flakes of snow began to flutter down—slowly at first, but thicker and faster every moment, until by noon the trees which surrounded our clearing at a few rods' distance were as invisible as though they were leagues away. It was the "first great snow"—the flakes fell so gently that we could not call it a storm.

A merry night was that in camp. Ike, the cook, exerted himself in a special manner. The johnny-cake was more nicely browned, the potatoes more artistically roasted, the pork was frizzled in a manner that would have delighted Ude, and the great Soyer himself would have nodded approbation at the crispness of the baked beans; the tobacco itself had an unwonted flavor; song, and joke, and tale went round; the bark roof shook with our laughter; and if I own that the "jug" was produced, be not grieved oh great Neal Dow! How could the "Maine Law" be enforced when the nearest constable was a hundred miles away? And, moreover, to-morrow our regular winter's work was to begin.

The only busy man that night, besides the cook, was Eli, the teamster. A score of times, lantern in hand, he sallied out to the cattle-shed, to be sure that "Old Star" was chewing his cud with satisfaction; that "Little Whitey's" lame foot was not worse; that "Bright's" shoes were all right; that "Bully Turk" had not got loose, so as to play mischief before morning. Eli was an important man in camp. If any thing impaired the efficiency of the teams half of our winter's work would be lost.

When morning broke the snow lay three feet on a level. Every bough drooped like a gigantic plume, feathered with the softest white; not an unsightly stump disfigured our little clearing; the road stretched away like a line of silver amidst the dark trunks of the trees.

Our winter's work was commenced in earnest. Let one day stand for a hundred. Breakfast is dispatched, and we are out with the earliest light. Each man has his appropriate work. The "boss chopper" directs what trees shall be cut, and in what direction they shall be felled. A skillful chopper will cut a tree so that it shall fall where he pleases. The chopper plies his narrow Yankee axe, victorious over the forests of a continent. Others fell smaller trees for "bed-pieces," to prevent the pine from sinking into the snow. An hour passes. The giant begins to waver and tremble. There he comes! Stand from under! Keep from behind the tree! The butt may break away from the stump, and spring back a rod! Look out for flying limbs! Down he goes, crashing resistlessly through the trees a hundred feet and more into the forest. The "barkers" spring like whalemen upon the prize; the head is lopped off, the bark hewn from the upper part of the trunk, that it may glide smoothly over the snow. The "bob-sled" is brought up. Levers, handspikes, and chains are plied. The huge butt is slowly raised upon the sled, and confined with strong chains. The teams —four, six, or eight oxen—are attached. The teamster gives the word. The oxen settle to their work, irregularly at first, but all together at last. The sled creaks and groans as if in agony. The teamster plies voice and goad. The great mass moves slowly at first, like a vessel when starting upon the stocks. Slowly, and with frequent halts, the great trunk is dragged over the rough track to the main road, which is soon worn and trodden as smooth as ice, and down to the landing, where it is cut into logs of proper length for driving down when the melting snows swell the tiny brook to a roaring torrent.

The regular routine of our daily life is sometimes interrupted by a deer or bear hunt. One Sunday, when we were lounging lazily upon our hemlock bed—for on that day we lie till late—Ike, the cook, roused us by the intelligence that he had found a bear-tree a mile off. Thither we rushed, eager to dislodge Bruin from his snug winter quarters. Bear meat was just what we wanted. A hole was cut just above the bear's head, and his meditations were broken in upon by a firebrand thrust in. He showed no disposition to move; punching with a sharp stick was tried with a like result. He seemed resolved rather to bear the ills he had than fly to others he knew not of. We now determined to change our tactics. Cautiously feeling about to ascertain the position of the "biting end," a stout rope was noosed around his hind quarters, and half a dozen of us endeavored to drag him out. In vain we tugged and strained; Bruin would not move a foot.

"What shall be done now?" asked the panting cook.

"S'pose you try the oxen," replied Dan, who had heretofore taken no part in the proceedings.

"Hurrah! That's the thing!" shouted Eli, starting for the team.

When he returned, one end of the drag chain was fastened to the rope, and the other attached to the ox-yoke. One pull was enough. Bruin came out, sprawling like a spread eagle, and growling furiously. He was soon dispatched, and within an hour choice bear-steaks were broiling upon the coals.

Accidents of a serious character not unfrequently occur in the woods. Beyond an occasional blow from a flying limb, or a cut from the glancing of an axe, a jammed finger or a frozen ear, our company suffered nothing. Less fortunate were the occupants of a claim a few miles to the west. Their teamster one evening failed to make his appearance in camp. Search was made, when he was found not far from the landing, lying under a runner of the heavily loaded sled. He still breathed, though his body was flattened so as to be hardly thicker than one's hand. Fastened by the middle to the ground by a weight of many tons, he had retained his strength a long time; for the rail of the sled, which was four inches in thickness, was half gnawed through. He must have pulled himself up by his hands, again and again, gnawed a while, and then fallen back in despair and agony. Word was sent to our camp, and we all set out on snow shoes to attend his funeral. It was a solemn service, though the outward forms were uncouth. The coffin was composed of two flour barrels; one was drawn over the head, the other over the foot. These were firmly fastened together, inclosing the body, dressed in the garments worn in life, and committed to a grave dug through the snow deep in the frozen soil.

Every professional lumberman has scores of tales of accidents like this. They often cast a tinge of sadness over our evenings in camp.

The weeks wore away. The pines upon a thousand acres, the growth of centuries, lay in piles at our landing. The great "pumpkin" from whose top we had surveyed our claim was spared as long as possible.

"It must go now," said Dan one day as spring approached. "It won't do to run the risk of a sudden thaw. I'll show you how to chop a tree."

He strode up to the great pine, and buried the axe to the eye in the trunk. The blows fell swift and strong. The chips flew like sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. In a little more than an hour down came the giant with a crash which seemed to make a hundred acres tremble. Dan had made a beautiful cut. The stump, as smooth and level as a table, was large enough to give standing room for a yoke of oxen. In another hour the huge trunk, divided into five logs, lay by the river. The fifty-dollar butt-log lies there still, not worth a dime. In spite of all our efforts the stream was not deep enough to float it away.

As spring advanced a thousand signs warned us that we must soon break up our camp. The snow grew soft and damp, rendering hauling difficult, the bushes and stumps began to appear above its surface; water settled in the hollows and ruts; the brooks swelled larger and larger every day; the logs began to roll and tumble in the rising river. So the last pine was felled, the last load drawn, the last dinner eaten, the last story told, the last song sung. Camp was broken up just in time for the teams, conducted by half our gang, to make their way down before the swamps became too soft to bear them.

For those of us who remained behind the most laborious and perilous part of our work was to be performed. The logs were to be "driven" down the stream, through rocky gorges, and over rapids and cataracts, to the broad open river two hundred miles below.

It was necessary to commence early in order to get our drive down to the larger branch before the freshet should subside. It took us a week to cut away the ice so as to start our logs. During all this time we were obliged to work hip-deep in the half-frozen water. Sometimes we had to build dams to accumulate water sufficient to float the logs over shallow places. Then when a pond was to be passed they would scatter over its surface like a flock of frightened sheep, and we must balance ourselves on their rolling backs, bringing them to with our iron-pointed pikes, not unfrequently getting an unwelcome plunge into the water.

More than once "jams" occurred at the foot of some high fall, or in some rocky channel. An unlucky log strikes against a rock and stops fast. Others rush on and heap against it, until thousands are piled and cross-piled in every conceivable position in the narrow chasm, with the icy current rushing through them. The jam must be broken up or our winter's work would not be worth a straw. We clambered down the rocky sides, or were suspended by ropes from above, striving with axe and lever to loosen the mighty mass. A week was sometimes spent in getting it free, piece by piece. Again, some single log forms the key of the arch. A few blows with the axe and it gives way to the pressure above, cracking like a pipe-stem, and the whole mass goes down with a rush.

It was perilous work. Dan Hewitt was our boldest driver. He was always foremost when danger was to be met. Once he was let down by a rope to cut away a tree which held the whole. It gave way at the third blow, and we, who were watching from above, had just time to haul him bodily up the face of the cliff when the whole mass dashed wildly below him. He was unharmed then; but a few days after he was less fortunate. A jam had occurred in the swiftest rapid on the river. He was working with a handspike to loosen it, when the whole gave way without a moment's warning. So fierce was the rush, and so firm his grasp upon the lever, that he was flung like a bolt from a catapult full twenty feet forward into the very midst of the whirling and grinding logs. A thousand men could have done nothing to save him. In an instant he was lost to sight in the mad whirl. Two days after we found his corpse, crushed and mangled beyond all recognition. We gave it decent burial upon the bank, rearing a rude cross by his grave, which stands, I trust, till this day.

We pursued our labor with saddened hearts, and in due time brought our "drive" down to the broad, smooth waters of the main river; joined them in rafts, and floated quietly within the boom at Bangor. The snow and ice lay thick and deep when we began our drive. The trees had put forth all their June foliage when our work was done.

## CONVERSATIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

### TURTLE AND TURTLE DOVES.

[TIME, 7 *o'clock. The walls are hung with old pictures; the beaufet is covered with plate. Bottles, in coolers, with all kinds of corks. Servants in plush breeches and gold lace livery attending.*]

JOHN BULL, MRS. BULL, *and* BROTHER JONATHAN *seated at table.*

JONATHAN.

Dear Mrs. Bull, how very young you look!
I rather fear'd to find you somewhat shook;
Complexion high, teeth good, and glossy hair!
Such health at your age in the West is rare.

MRS. BULL.

Now that's soft sawder—

JONATHAN.

I guess it's Gospel truth;
You tread the earth like Juno in her youth,
Ere Jove began to *sky*lark with the girls,
And scatter snakes among her silky curls.

MRS. BULL.

You naughty man, how can you talk such stuff!
When I was married I was well enough—
But half a score of children pull one down,
And mingle gray hairs with the glossy brown.

JONATHAN.

Your bust is perfect, swelling, round, and full—
Upon my soul I envy Johnny Bull
Those "hills of sweets" on which his head reposes,
Those beds of lilies, overhung by roses.
They're very scarce with us. The doctors say
The first three children suck them all away.

JOHN BULL.

The Pilgrim Mothers had them—they who fled
From these rich pastures, and your fathers bred.
The Pilgrim Fathers found such nestling places—
With grace of God they had the other graces—
At sunny eve the *Mayflower's* deck was full
Of just such forms as that of Mrs. Bull;
And when on Plymouth Rock they knelt in prayer,
Angels might hover round the lilies there.

JONATHAN.

"I know it." But our girls are thin and pale.

JOHN BULL.

Why don't you let them have a glass of ale?
Think you iced-water and your soda fountains
Can ever nourish those delicious mountains,
Round which Love nestles, snug, and close, and warm;
Gay in the sunshine, tranquil in the storm?
Look at the women Yankee Doodle loved,
In fire, and smoke, and keen privation proved;
Who brought his corn-cakes to the distant camp,
And slept beside him, weary, cold, and damp;
Who fought the fight of home, while, 'neath the stars,
He fought for freedom in our early wars.
Think you they lounged all day in darken'd rooms,
In genteel ignorance of mops and brooms?
Lived on ice creams, and bonbons, and sponge cake;
With nerves unstrung, that ev'ry breeze could shake?
No, Jonathan, my boy! not such the dames
Who, 'neath our scarlet jackets, fed the flames
Of love and valor, till you beat us out,
And then turned North, with hearts and persons stout,
And bred a race amidst the winter snows,
In whose warm veins our gen'rous blood still flows.

MRS. BULL.

You've both gone mad, I think! Come, cease your fooling;
You must be hungry, and your soup is cooling.

JONATHAN.

'Tis turtle, 'faith! and not to be despised—
Turtle, at civic feasts so highly prized.
And this cool punch, how gently it controls
The green luxuriance as it downward rolls!

JOHN BULL.

The turtle's voice the Scripture much commends;
I'd rather have his flesh to give my friends.
Take Cuba—but the mild Bahamas spare,
For this delicious creature comes from there.
But we were talking of those turtle doves
In whose soft plumage little Cupid loves
To play at hide-and-seek, to bill and coo;
Oh! keep them plump, whatever else you do.

JONATHAN.

Gentle and good our lovely women are,
With brilliant eyes. Though pale and thin, yet fair;
The lily's grace, the step of the gazelle;
Tender, attractive, chaste, and *spirituelle*.
My cup of happiness would be too full
Had they the *embonpoint* of Mrs. Bull.

MRS. BULL.

How can they have it when they rarely see
Aught but iced-water and a cup of tea?
I, with my luncheon, take my pint of beer—
Foaming and mellow, and like amber clear—
Another pint my cheerful supper crowns,
In which my crab or rabbit gently drowns.
And if my daughters worse than this are treated,
Of half their rights, I fear, poor souls! they're cheated.
Now, hark ye, Jonathan! Here Farmer Giles
Passes the tankard to his wife, who smiles
In love upon his round, chaw-bacon face,
While all the children play about the place.
But if he to the alehouse chance to roam,
Why then the woman takes her beer at home.
Three times a week some friend comes here to dine,
And, if I choose, I take my share of wine.
'Twas thus your fathers lived. They sat at table
When work was done; and, now we've got the cable,
I mean to telegraph across the pond;
And if my girls, of whom I'm very fond,
Are left to mope while you your "liquor" take,
Why then your head or else your heart we'll break.

JONATHAN.

Our heads and hearts you ladies aye control;
Just now, good dame, I mean to *try your sole*.

## OUR WALL.

TEN years since it was hardly possible for you to remain long in our village without seeing "our Wall"—which wasn't built of brick or stone, understand; but was, in fact, a big, sturdy boy of sixteen or so, who looked as if he had more strength, more legs and arms, and more hair than he knew what to do with; whose movements were awkward, whose appearance was untidy, and whose eyes were seldom to be seen for the great black locks always tossing about them; but who, for all that, was about the best fellow—and the best-liked, too—in the parish.

Yes, Wall (our improvised diminutive for his baptismal name of Walter) was decidedly popular, and with good reason. No one in such request as he, under all sorts of circumstances—no one whose assistance was so called on. From the building of a house to the winning of a cricket-match, Wall's help was indispensable. And who so ready to help as he—whether in carpentering for some poor woman after his own hard day's work, or going long distances to carry a message or a parcel, or in gardening for little Lotty, the miller's daughter?

But I am to tell my story in proper order. Chipford is the sensible Saxon name of the miller, whose mill you may see far down in the valley, where the brawling waters of the stream turn his great mill-wheel. Chipford is reported a well-to-do man, with heaps of money saved away in old tea-pots, and such homely banking-houses. Besides money, Chipford has a family of two great strapping sons, and a little girl much younger than they—the spoiled pet and darling of father and big brothers; for she is pretty and winning, as feminine prettiness always is from the very earliest age; and she is the baby, and the only girl, and is distinguished therefore.

Chipford, a rough man to the world in general, is soft and tender as a summer wind over his little, motherless Lotty. And as for the boys—Jonas, who works at the mill, and Gilbert, who goes to an academy at the market-town, and is known to be

intended for a soldier—both of them delight in the child's saucy, petulant ways, and willful, imperious spirit, and do their best to encourage and increase those graces in the little person.

Chipford is a kindly man in his way. Wall's father had been one of his men; and since his death he had been very good to the lad, befriending him by occasional employment and frequent recommendations—better still, by teaching him to read and write, three evenings in every week, at his own comfortable house.

Saucy Lotty used to laugh at the rough, awkward boy; would mimic, to his face, his broad pronunciation and shambling gait; and then tumble her bonny bright curls all about her face, in imitation of the fashion of his *chevelure*. But for all that, she accepted with queenly graciousness the offerings he was accustomed to bring her—the earliest bunch of primroses, wreaths of wild-roses, wood-strawberries in summer, and brown nuts, and dewberries with the purple bloom on them, in autumn. Also, she welcomed his aid in the cultivation of her flower-beds, and the training of her pet spaniel, laughing at him all the while, and scolding him very often, with the childish petulance that in any one less fair and graceful would have been far less tolerable. However, Wall never cared—not he! He was grateful to the miller, and he had taken the miller's little daughter into his great, honest, faithful heart from the very first. She could not even dislodge herself from her position there, with all her willful ways. He saw something deep down beneath all her haughtiness, and loved it, and forgave all the rest. And in her own way, under all her pettishness and childish coquetry, doubtless little Lotty cared for him; for she was but a child, and with more than a child's waywardness and weakness.

In the holidays Gilbert Chipford came home, and brought with him a schoolmate—a tall, handsome fellow, just about to enter the army; a picture of early manhood, with a lithe, slender figure, and a face all flush and sparkle—the very ideal of a girl's hero.

Little Lotty was barely ten years old; but she had precocity enough to be allured by the color, and the glitter, and the brilliant show of this embryo warrior. She adhered to him; she followed him about; she was pertinacious in her attentions; his notice was sought for, his caresses were prized. He did not overburden her with them, truly; for he was just of an age and a character to feel rather ashamed of playing with a child; and the manly dignity of seventeen-and-a-half continually asserted itself against the friendly familiarity which Lotty sought to establish between them. However, they were very amicable together—never more so than when, one day, the two, with Trenchard's big dog Trounce, were rambling through the mill-lane into the village, where all the children seemed to be out at play beside their homes, so crisp and clear was the air of the December afternoon—so genial the winter sunshine slanting from the west.

On they went, laughing and talking, stamping with their feet, and rubbing their hands cheerily; for it was cold, though bright. Unhappily, Trounce, who bounded on a little in advance, also appeared to find some vigorous exercise necessary to maintain a proper vivacity of circulation; and a very little dog, who was meekly reposing before a cottage door, with a subdued humility befitting its thin and pauper appearance, seemed to the large and well-fed animal a fit playmate: he commenced tossing the little thing about in rough play, that soon turned to something fiercer.

Growls, barkings, piteous howlings, resounded in the quiet evening air; and then a child's passionate cry, as a little girl came from the cottage, and loudly wept to see her favorite thus maltreated. And just as the owner of the dog came up, laughing more at "the fun" than sympathizing in the distress, you may be sure, seeing he was a boy, with all a boy's worst instincts developed in him just then, out sprang a great awkward figure; a huge hand seized on the big dog's neck by that portion denominated "the scruff," and hurling the animal away to a safe distance, caught up the poor trembling cur, and consigned it to the equally trembling mistress.

"I say, you Sir! how dare you touch my dog?" shouted Trenchard, pale with rage.

"Dare! whoy, it wer like fur to kill the poor little un—that's whoy!"

"I'll teach you better manners, you country boor!" was the next speech from the red lips of the hero; and he clenched his fist, and made a passionate lunge at the square, solid-built figure before him—on which it had about as much effect as if it were really built of stone.

"Oy say, doan't ye dow that theer agin," warned he, gravely.

"But I say I will," cried the other, quite infuriated to see the tittering of the children around, and the impassible face of his opponent. "Come on, if you've courage enough, and let's see what stuff you're made of!"

"Noa, I woan't fight," said Wall, folding his arms.

"You won't? I thought not," sneered Trenchard. Going close up to him, he shook his fist in his face—"Coward!" said he, loudly and clearly.

The bright eyes gathered a spark that gleamed out from amidst the tangled hair; and Wall instinctively clenched his hands. But he turned away in silence, and drew on one side.

"Coward!" repeated Trenchard. "I say, Lotty, look at the great sneaking poltroon!"

Wall made an awkward plunge forward: "Are *you* theer, Miss Lotty?"

"Don't speak to me!" said that young lady, plucking away her skirt which he had caught hold of, and drawing close to her tall, handsome new friend: "I'm ashamed of you! Let me go!"

Trenchard made a gesture as if to strike away the obnoxious touch; but Wall saved him the trouble: he drew back, his eyes glistening, the white teeth shining, in a strange sort of smile, and with two strides he disappeared round the corner of the lane.

As for the willful girl, and her much-ruffled companion, with his hardly fiercer dog—they made their way home, with a great show of loud, blustering cheerfulness; but it is to be doubted if either of them felt quite glad, or even easy at heart.

"The meddling fellow! the cowardly rascal!" was the style of Trenchard's descriptive interjections. "How is it you came to know him, Lotty?"

"Father teaches him on Mondays and Fridays, of evenings. He often comes to our house: he is Wall," said Lotty; and at the familiar name her stern little heart melted; the outer crust of wayward, ungrateful naughtiness broke from her; her eyes filled. "I'm very sorry you quarreled with him," she faltered—"poor Wall!"

* * * * * * *

Much the miller marveled when one, two Fridays, and one Monday evening passed, bringing no rough-haired, heavy-footed, but glad-faced and grateful scholar to the old paneled parlor of the mill-house. "What had become of Wall?" he asked; and Lotty, though she well guessed the reason of his absence, was ashamed to tell. Trenchard volunteered an explanation, told his story his own way, and made the impression he wished. Chipford was sorry to hear Wall had so misconducted himself. He had thought better of the lad. He would give him a talking to the next time he caught him.

"Boys will be boys—unruly, rebellious chaps enough—always," reflected the worthy man many times, for he liked Wall, and felt dissatisfied at his continued absence; and when, one afternoon, he set out on his monthly journey to the market-town, Wall was not forgotten in his final directions. "Jonas, see to the cash-box that it's put away safe at night in the desk. I shall be back to-morrow evening. Gilbert, don't leave the house after dark; and take care of Lotty."

"We'll both do that, Sir," declared Trenchard, while, with soldierly grace and gallantry, he switched the flanks of the miller's horse.

"Yes, yes, but don't touch Roger; he isn't used to it. And I say, Gilbert, I wish you'd see Wall, and find what he's doing; the lad will go woefully back in his learning. Steady, Roger! so! Good-by t'ye all; good-by, my pet!"

And Chipford went off, with a parting glance back at the old-fashioned house, with China roses even now making glad and beautiful its wooden rafters; and little Lotty standing by the gate, with her dimpled hands shading her eyes from the keen winter sunshine.

The master of the house gone, his youthful representatives for a time conducted themselves with befitting demureness and dignity. What devices they resorted to later in the day for their amusement, is not on record: perhaps some of them were not very safe ones. Chemical experiments in the kitchen, inflammable materials left about—something of the kind was dimly hinted at afterward. Whatever the cause, in the very depth of night, when there was uttermost calm and densest darkness, that the white trembling stars seemed to make yet more perfect, at that hour a fierce light rose suddenly from the blank earth, making clear all things near it—the trim garden, the low, rambling house, the mill hard by, great and gaunt, all starting into distinctness, as if frightened at the unwonted revelation of themselves. Broader, brighter grew the light: yellow tongues of flame leaped rejoicingly from between the rafters of the old house, and played upon the latticed windows nearest. It mounted, it spread, it exulted in its growing freedom; it uttered glad, chirping sounds, such as we love to hear burst from our yule-logs at Christmas; it sent merry little sparks dancing up, up into the still air. The birds began to stir themselves, and presently, understanding it was no dawn sent from heaven that had aroused them, fluttered to and fro, with piteous, alarmed twitterings. The great dog in the mill-yard came forth from his kennel with a savage bark, followed by a prolonged howl. And at last the inmates of the house were roused to the truth that the kitchens were on fire, and that the flames had already penetrated to the stair-case. Half the population of the village stood in the front, shrieking and shouting this fact, too excited and alarmed to render much help, it would seem. But by degrees an active and orderly system of water-carrying and drenching was organized, plenty of assistance remaining for those who had now to escape by the windows. The three young men, the servants, were at last landed on the grassplot before the windows—all unhurt, save Gilbert, who broke his leg, and fell helplessly to the ground when he attempted to rise. But his exclamation was soon changed to one of far worse anguish. The cry rung shrilly from him—piercing the roar of the fire and of the people, "Lotty! where's Lotty?" A sudden horror-struck pause. "She sleeps at the side, there! For God's sake, rouse her!"

But strange and terrible as it was, she could not be roused. They shouted—they flung stones at the window: all devices failed.

"The smoke's got in and stupefied her," some one said.

Gilbert groaned in agony. "I can't move to save her," he cried. "But you—some of you. Where's Jonas? Trenchard?"

Jonas was at the other side, helping with the water-buckets, all unaware that any one was left in the burning house, least of all his little sister. But Trenchard was by; and Trenchard rushed to the door, and with some assistance battered it down. A thick, stifling fog of smoke poured through upon them, through the opening. They could see, up the stair-case, the dancing tongues of flame flashing through the smoke. Trenchard, tall and strong as he was, drew back.

"It's certain destruction to go in there," he said. "We *must* rouse her, and she must escape by the window. There's no other way: fetch a ladder!"

Some ran off to do this; others remained, shouting under the window. The ladder was long of coming. It was not easily to be found, probably, amidst so much confusion. And Gilbert lay there, his straining eyes fixed on the little window, nearly crazed, poor fellow! and furious with impatience.

"Don't wait for the ladder. Try the stairs," he cried. "Trenchard, I say! Oh, if I could but move!" And he made a frantic, impotent effort, falling back again with a groan.

"Oh Lotty! Oh my poor father!" he said, the big tears gathering and falling down his brown cheeks. "Lotty—Lotty—Lotty!" he shrieked, "won't any of you even try to save her?"

"'Tis no use. Those stairs won't bear any of us," one man said. And Trenchard cursed the others' slowness, and ran off, as he said, to "get a ladder, for it was the only hope," when there rushed on the scene a new actor—no other than Wall.

Wall had been foremost with the buckets on the other side, satisfied that all were safely out of the house, when some rumor reached him of the truth. And now he was here, his great arms bare, his honest face blackened and battered, his hair more tossed about than ever.

"Lotty—Miss Lotty—in the house?" he called out. "Whoy, wheer then?"

"In that room up the stairs, Wall. God bless you!" Gilbert cried; for in a moment the boy had burst into the house, and was fighting his way up the dreaded stair-case. There was a great murmuring sound from those below; then an awful, hushed suspense; then a great blow from within forced the lattice-window open, and Wall's face looked out.

"Soak one of your coats in that bucket o' water," he cried, "and fling it up to me."

This was done—and then came another hushed, dreadful pause. But brave Wall's big figure was presently seen coming down the crazy stairs through the blinding smoke. In his arms he carried what seemed to be a bundle wrapped in the wet coat that had been thrown to him. He bore it straight to Gilbert, and laid it beside him.

"She's all right, only stupid loike with the smoke," he said. And indeed, after a few minutes' fresh air, little Lotty's pale face revived to something more like its usual color, and she opened her eyes.

"Thank God! O thank God!" cried Gilbert, in a passion of grateful joy. "And Wall—?"

But Wall, after seeing that the child was safe, had disappeared. He was badly burned was Wall. That falling rafter left a scar on his forehead that he will bear to his death. And a few minutes afterward, as Trenchard, shouting a loud huzza, came rushing up with a ladder, the roof fell in. But Lotty was safe, you will observe.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps none of the parties concerned were the worse for that night's adventure, unless it were the insurance-office—a sort of abstraction that we are not accustomed to consider much on these occasions.

Certainly, it was a turning-point in the characters both of Gilbert and Lotty, and perhaps Mr. Trenchard even gained a lesson that did him some service in after-life.

As for the miller's gratitude to Wall, it was something to do you good to hear of; and so was Wall's steady repudiation of any sort of reward or "acknowledgment," you may be very sure. But where there's a will there's a way; and though it was Mr. Atkins, of the next town, who recommended Wall to the great London engineer, and so laid the foundation of the prosperity he has attained since, I believe the miller knew more about the matter than most people.

Our Wall comes down to his native village sometimes, and stays at the mill, an honored guest; his broad country accent is somewhat toned down, and his hair is smoother than heretofore. People say he is growing a great man; and, indeed, you may hear of Mr. Maynard in London itself sometimes. But he's Our Wall to us, and always will be; we have a general property in him, of which we are right proud.

If any one should tell you that some one—some one at the mill, too—has, moreover, a rather particular property in this same Wall, you may believe it or not, as you please; but the fact is, they are to be married this very autumn!

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

### BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

### CHAPTER IV.

A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore, between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured if human love pass across its relations. Shakspeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakspeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakspeare understand each other?

UNOBSERVED by the two young people, Lady Montfort sate watching them as they moved along the river banks. She was seated where Lionel had first seen her—in the kind of grassy chamber that had been won from the foliage and the sward, closed round with interlaced autumnal branches, save where it opened toward the water. If ever woman's brain can conceive and plot a scheme thoroughly pure from one ungentle, selfish thread in its web, in such a scheme had Caroline Montfort brought together those two fair young natures. And yet they were not uppermost in her thoughts as she now gazed on them; nor was it wholly for them that her eyes were filled with tears at once sweet, yet profoundly mournful—holy, and yet intensely human.

Women love to think themselves uncomprehended—nor often without reason in that foible; for man, howsoever sagacious, rarely does entirely comprehend woman, howsoever simple. And in this her sex has the advantage over ours. Our hearts are bare to their eyes, even though they can never know what have been our lives. But we may see every action of their lives, guarded and circumscribed in conventional forms, while their hearts will have many mysteries to which we can never have the key. But, in more than the ordinary sense of the word, Caroline Montfort ever had been a woman uncomprehended. Nor even in her own sex did she possess one confidante. Only the outward leaves of that beautiful flower opened to the sunlight. The leaves round the core were gathered fold upon fold closely as when life itself was in the bud.

As all the years of her wedded existence her heart had been denied the natural household vents, so, by some strange and unaccountable chance, her intellect also seemed restrained and pent from its proper freedom and play. During those barren years she had read—she had pondered—she had enjoyed a commune with those whose minds instruct others, and still her own intelligence, which, in early youth, had been characterized by singular vivacity and brightness, and which Time had enriched with every womanly accomplishment, seemed chilled and objectless. It is not enough that a mind should be cultured—it should have movement as well as culture. Caroline Montfort's lay quiescent, like a beautiful form spell-bound to repose, but not to sleep. Looking on her once, as he stood among a crowd whom her beauty dazzled, a poet said, abruptly, "Were my guess not a sacrilege to one so spotless and so haughty, I should say that I had hit on the solution of an enigma that long perplexed me; and in the core of that queen of the lilies, could we strip the leaves folded round it, we should find *Remorse*."

Lady Montfort started; the shadow of another form than her own fell upon the sward. George Morley stood behind her, his finger on his lips. "Hush," he said in a whisper; "see, Sophy is looking for me up the river. I knew she would be—I stole this way on purpose—for I would speak to you before I face her questions."

"What is the matter?—you alarm me!" said Lady Montfort, on gaining a part of the grounds more remote from the river, to which George had silently led the way.

"Nay, my dear cousin, there is less cause for alarm than for anxious deliberation, and that upon more matters than those which directly relate to our poor fugitive. You know that I long shrunk from enlisting the police in aid of our search. I was too sensible of the pain and offense which such an application would occasion Waife—(let us continue so to call him)—and the discovery of it might even induce him to put himself beyond our reach, and quit England. But his prolonged silence, and my fears lest some illness or mishap might have befallen him, together with my serious apprehensions of the effect which unrelieved anxiety might produce on Sophy's health, made me resolve to wave former scruples. Since I last saw you I have applied to one of the higher police-officers accustomed to confidential investigations of a similar nature. The next day he came to tell me that he had learned that a friend of his, who had been formerly a distinguished agent in the detective police, had been engaged for months in tracking a person whom he conjectured to be the same as the one whom I had commissioned him to discover, and with somewhat less caution and delicacy than I had enjoined. The fugitive's real name had been given to this ex-agent—the cause for search, that he had abducted and was concealing his grand-daughter from her father. It was easy for me to perceive why this novel search had hitherto failed, no suspicion being entertained that Waife had separated himself from Sophy, and the inquiry being therefore rather directed toward the grandchild than the grandfather. But that inquiry had altogether ceased of late, and for this terrible reason—a different section of the police had fixed its eye upon the father on whose behalf the search had been instituted. This Jasper Losely (ah! our poor friend might well shudder to think Sophy should fall into his hands!) haunts the resorts of the most lawless and formidable desperadoes of London. He appears to be a kind of authority among them; but there is no evidence that as yet he has committed himself to any participation in their habitual courses. He lives profusely, for a person in such society (regaling Daredevils, whom he awes by a strength and courage which are described as extraordinary), but without any visible means. It seems that the ex-agent, who had been thus previously employed in Jasper Losely's name, had been engaged, not by Jasper himself, but by a person in very respectable circumstances, whose name I have ascertained to be Poole. And the ex-agent deemed it right to acquaint this Mr. Poole with Jasper's evil character and ambiguous mode of life, and to intimate to his employer that it might not be prudent to hold any connection with such a man, and still less proper to assist in restoring a young girl to his care. On this Mr. Poole became so much agitated, and expressed himself so incoherently as to his relations with Jasper, that the ex-agent conceived suspicions against Poole himself, and reported the whole circumstances to one of the chiefs of the former service, through whom they reached the very man whom I myself was employing. But this ex-agent, who had, after his last interview with Poole, declined all farther interference, had since then, through a correspondent in a country town, whom he had employed at the first, obtained a clew to my dear old friend's wanderings, more recent, and I think more hopeful, than any I had yet discovered. You will remember that when questioning Sophy as to any friends in her former life to whom it was proba-

ble Waife might have addressed himself, she could think of no one *so* probable as a cobbler named Merle, with whom he and she had once lodged, and of whom he had often spoken to her with much gratitude, as having put him in the way of recovering herself, and having shown him a peculiar trustful kindness on that occasion. But you will remember also that I could not find this Merle; he had left the village, near this very place, in which he had spent the greater part of his life—his humble trade having been neglected in consequence of some strange superstitious occupations in which, as he had grown older, he had become more and more absorbed. He had fallen into poverty; his effects had been sold off; he had gone away no one knew whither. Well, the ex-agent, who had also been directed to this Merle by his employer, had, through his correspondent, ascertained that the cobbler was living at Norwich, where he passed under the name of the Wise Man, and where he was in perpetual danger of being sent to the house of correction as an impostor, dealing in astrology, crystal-seeing, and such silly or nefarious practices. Very odd, indeed, and very melancholy too," quoth the scholar, lifting up his hands and eyes, "that a man so gifted as our poor friend should ever have cultivated an acquaintance with a cobbler who deals in the Black Art!"

"Sophy has talked to me much about that cobbler," said Lady Montfort, with her sweet half-smile. "It was under his roof that she first saw Lionel Haughton. But though the poor man may be an ignorant enthusiast, he is certainly, by her account, too kind and simple-hearted to be a designing impostor."

GEORGE. "Possibly. But, to go on with my story: A few weeks ago, an elderly lame man, accompanied by a dog, who was evidently poor dear Sir Isaac, lodged two days with Merle at Norwich. On hearing this, I myself went yesterday to Norwich, saw and talked to Merle, and through this man I hope, more easily, delicately, and expeditiously than by any other means, to achieve our object. He evidently can assist us, and, as evidently, Waife has not told him that he is flying from Sophy and friends, but from enemies and persecutors. For Merle, who is impervious to bribes, and who at first was churlish and rude, became softened as my honest affection for the fugitive grew clear to him, and still more when I told him how wretched Sophy was at her grandfather's disappearance, and that she might fret herself into a decline. And we parted with this promise on his side, that if I would bring down to him either Sophy herself (which is out of the question), or a line from her, which, in referring to any circumstances while under his roof that could only be known to her and himself, should convince him that the letter was from her hand, assuring him that it was for Waife's benefit and at her prayer that he should bestir himself in the search for her grandfather, and that he might implicitly trust to me, he would do all he could to help us. So far, then, so good. But I have now more to say, and that is in reference to Sophy herself. While we are tracking her grandfather, the peril to her is not lessened. Never was that peril thoroughly brought before my eyes until I had heard actually from the police agent the dreadful character and associations of the man who can claim her in a father's name. Waife, it is true, had told you that his son was profligate, spendthrift, lawless—sought her, not from natural affection, but as an instrument to be used, roughly and coarsely, for the purpose of extorting money from Mr. Darrell. But this stops far short of the terrible reality. Imagine the effect on her nerves, so depressed as they now are, nay, on her very life, should this audacious miscreant force himself here and say, 'Come with me, you are my child!' And are we quite sure that out of some refining nobleness of conscience she might not imagine it her duty to obey, and to follow him? The more abject and friendless his condition, the more she might deem it her duty to be by his side. I have studied her from childhood. She is capable of any error in judgment, if it be made to appear a martyr's devoted self-sacrifice. You may well shudder, my dear cousin. But grant that she were swayed by us and by the argument that so to act would betray and kill her beloved grandfather, still, in resisting this ruffian's paternal authority, what violent and painful scenes might ensue! What dreadful publicity to be attached forever to her name! Nor is this all. Grant that her father does not discover her, but that he is led by his associates into some criminal offense, and suffers by the law—her relationship, both to him from whom you would guard her, and to him whose hearth you have so tenderly reared her to grace, suddenly dragged to day—would not the shame kill her? And in that disclosure how keen would be the anguish of Darrell!"

"Oh Heavens!" cried Caroline Montfort, white as ashes, and wringing her hands, "you freeze me with terror. But this man can not be so fallen as you describe. I have seen him—spoken with him in his youth—hoped then to assist in a task of conciliation, pardon. Nothing about him then foreboded so fearful a corruption. He might be vain, extravagant, selfish, false—ah, yes! he was false indeed!—but still the ruffian you paint, banded with common criminals, can not be the same as the gay, dainty, perfumed, fair-faced adventurer with whom my ill-fated playmate fled her father's house. You shake your head—what is it you advise?"

"To expedite your own project—to make at once the resolute attempt to secure to this poor child her best, her most rightful protector—to let whatever can be done to guard her from danger, or reclaim her father from courses to which despair may be driving him—to let, I say, all this be done by the person whose interest in doing it effectively is so paramount—whose ability to judge of and decide on the wisest means is so immeasurably superior to all that lies within our own limited experience of life."

"But you forget that our friend told me that he had appealed to—to Mr. Darrell on his return to England; that Mr. Darrell had peremptorily refused to credit the claim; and had sternly said that, even if Sophy's birth could be proved, he would not place under her father's roof the grandchild of William Losely."

"True; and yet you hoped reasonably enough to succeed where he, poor outcast, had failed."

"Yes, yes; I did hope that Sophy—her manners formed, her education completed—all her natural exquisite graces so cultured and refined as to justify pride in the proudest kindred—I did hope that she should be brought, as it were by accident, under his notice; that she would interest and charm him; and that the claim, when made, might thus be welcomed with delight. Mr. Darrell's abrupt return to a seclusion so rigid forbids the opportunity that might easily have been found or made if he had remained in London. But suddenly, violently to renew a claim that such a man has rejected, before he has ever seen that dear child—before his heart and his taste plead for her—who would dare to do it? or, if so daring, who could hope success?"

"My dear Lady Montfort, my noble cousin, with repute as spotless as the ermine of your robe—who but you?"

"Who but I? Any one. Mr. Darrell would not even read through a letter addressed to him by me?"

George stared with astonishment. Caroline's face was downcast—her attitude that of profound humiliated dejection.

"Incredible!" said he, at length. "I have always suspected, and so indeed has my uncle, that Darrell had some cause of complaint against your mother. Perhaps he might have supposed that she had not sufficiently watched over his daughter, or had not sufficiently inquired into the character of the governess whom she recommended to him; and that this had led to an estrangement between Darrell and your mother which could not fail to extend somewhat to yourself. But such misunderstandings can surely now be easily removed. Talk of his not reading a letter addressed to him by you! Why, do I not remember, when I was on a visit to my school-fellow, his son, what influence you, a mere child yourself, had over that grave, busy man, then in the height of his career—how you alone could run without awe into his study—how you alone had the privilege to arrange his books, sort his papers—so that we two boys looked on you with a solemn respect, as the depositary of all his state secrets—how vainly you tried to decoy that poor timid Matilda, his daughter, into a share of your own audacity!—Is not all this true?"

"Oh yes, yes—old days, gone forever!"

"Do I not remember how you promised that, before I went back to school, I should hear Darrell read aloud—how you brought the volume of Milton to him in the evening—how he said, 'No, to-morrow night; I must go now to the House of Commons'—how I marveled to hear you answer, boldly, 'To-morrow night George will have left us, and I have promised that he shall hear you read'—and how, looking at you under those dark brows with serious softness, he said, 'Right; promises, once given, must be kept. But was it not rash to promise in another's name?'—and you answered, half gently, half pettishly, 'As if *you* could fail me!' He took the book without another word, and read. What reading it was, too! And do you not remember another time, how—"

LADY MONTFORT (interrupting with nervous impatience). "Ay, ay—I need no reminding of all—all! Kindest, noblest, gentlest friend to a giddy, heedless child, unable to appreciate the blessing. But now, George, I dare not, I can not write to Mr. Darrell."

George mused a moment, and conjectured that Lady Montfort had, in the inconsiderate, impulsive season of youth, aided in the clandestine marriage of Darrell's daughter, and had become thus associated in his mind with the affliction that had embittered his existence. Were this so, certainly she would not be the fitting intercessor on behalf of Sophy. His thoughts then turned to his uncle, Darrell's earliest friend, not suspecting that Colonel Morley was actually the person whom Darrell had already appointed his adviser and representative in all transactions that might concern the very parties under discussion. But just as he was about to suggest the expediency of writing to Alban to return to England, and taking him into confidence and consultation, Lady Montfort resumed, in a calmer voice, and with a less troubled countenance,

"Who should be the pleader for one whose claim, if acknowledged, would affect his own fortunes, but Lionel Haughton? Hold!—look where yonder they come into sight—there, by the gap in the evergreens. May we not hope that Providence, bringing those two beautiful lives together, gives a solution to the difficulties which thwart our action and embarrass our judgment? I conceived and planned a blissful romance the first moment I gathered from Sophy's artless confidences the effect that had been produced on her whole train of thought and feeling by the first meeting with Lionel in her childhood; by his brotherly, chivalrous kindness, and, above all, by the chance words he let fall, which discontented her with a life of shift and disguise, and revealed to her the instincts of her own honest, truthful nature. An alliance between Lionel Haughton and Sophy seemed to me the happiest possible event that could befall Guy Darrell. The two branches of his family united—a painful household secret confined to the circle of his own kindred—granting Sophy's claim never perfectly cleared up, but subject to a tormenting doubt—her future equally assured—her possible rights equally established—Darrell's conscience and pride reconciled to each other. And how, even but as wife to his young kinsman, he would learn to love one so exquisitely endearing!" [Lady Montfort paused a moment, and then resumed.] "When I heard that Mr. Darrell was about to marry again, my project was necessarily arrested."

"Certainly," said George, "if he formed new ties, Sophy would be less an object in his existence, whether or not he recognized her birth. The alliance between her and Lionel would lose many of its advantages; and any address to him on Sophy's behalf would become yet more ungraciously received."

LADY MONTFORT. "In that case I had resolved to adopt Sophy as my own child; lay by from my abundant income an ample dowry for her; and whether Mr. Darrell ever knew it or not, at least I should have the secret joy to think that I was saving him from the risk of remorse hereafter—should she be, as we believe, his daughter's child, and have been thrown upon the world destitute;—yes, the secret joy of feeling that I was sheltering, fostering as a mother, one whose rightful home might be with him who in my childhood sheltered, fostered me!"

GEORGE (much affected). "How, in proportion as we know you, the beauty which you vail from the world outshines that which you can not prevent the world from seeing! But you must not let this grateful enthusiasm blind your better judgment. You think these young persons are beginning to be really attached to each other. Then it is the more necessary that no time should be lost in learning how Mr. Darrell would regard such a marriage. I do not feel so assured of his consent as you appear to do. At all events this should be ascertained before their happiness is seriously involved. I agree with you that Lionel is the best intermediator to plead for Sophy; and his very generosity in urging her prior claim to a fortune that might otherwise pass to him, is likely to have weight with a man so generous himself as Guy Darrell is held to be. But does Lionel yet know all? Have you yet ventured to confide to him, or even to Sophy herself, the nature of her claim on the man who so proudly denies it?"

"No—I deemed it due to Sophy's pride of sex to imply to her that she would, in fortune and in social position, be entitled to equality with those whom she might meet here. And that is true, if only as the child whom I adopt and enrich. I have not said more. And only since Lionel has appeared has she ever seemed interested in any thing that relates to her parentage. From the recollection of her father she naturally shrinks—she never mentions his name. But two days ago she did ask timidly, and with great change of countenance, if it was through her mother that she was entitled to a rank higher than she had hitherto known; and when I answered 'Yes,' she sighed, and said, 'But my dear grandfather never spoke to me of her; he never even saw my mother.'"

GEORGE. "And you, I suspect, do not much like to talk of that mother. I have gathered from you, unawares to yourself, that she was not a person you could highly praise; and to me, as a boy, she seemed, with all her timidity, wayward and deceitful."

LADY MONTFORT. "Alas! how bitterly she must have suffered—and how young she was! But you are right; I can not speak to Sophy of her mother, the subject is connected with so much sorrow. But I told her 'that she should know all soon;' and she said, with a sweet and melancholy patience, 'When my poor grandfather will be by to hear: I can wait.'"

GEORGE. "But is Lionel, with his quick intellect and busy imagination, equally patient? Does he not guess at the truth? You have told him that you do meditate a project which affects Guy Darrell, and required his promise not to divulge to Darrell his visits in this house."

LADY MONTFORT. "He knows that Sophy's paternal grandfather was William Losely. From your uncle he heard William Losely's story, and—"

GEORGE. "My uncle Alban?"

LADY MONTFORT. "Yes; the Colonel was well acquainted with the elder Losely in former days, and spoke of him to Lionel with great affection. It seems that Lionel's father knew him also, and thoughtlessly involved him in his own pecuniary difficulties. Lionel was not long a visitor here before he asked me abruptly if Mr. Waife's real name was not Losely. I was obliged to own it, begging him not at present to question me further. He said, then, with much emotion, that he had a hereditary debt to discharge to William Losely, and that he was the last person who ought to relinquish belief in the old man's innocence of the crime for which the law had condemned him, or to judge him harshly if the innocence were not substantiated. You remember with what eagerness he joined in your search, until you positively forbade his interposition, fearing that should our poor friend hear of inquiries instituted by one whom he could not recognize as a friend, and might possibly consider an emissary of his son's, he would take yet greater pains to conceal himself. But from the moment that Lionel learned that Sophy's grandfather was William Losely his manner to Sophy became yet more tenderly respectful. He has a glorious nature, that young man! But did your uncle never speak to you of William Losely?"

"No. I am not surprised at that. My uncle Alban avoids 'painful subjects.' I am only surprised that he should have revived a painful subject in talk to Lionel. But I now understand why, when Waife first heard my name, he seemed affected, and why he so specially enjoined me never to mention or describe him to my friends and relations. Then Lionel knows Losely's story, but not his son's connection with Darrell?"

"Certainly not. He knows but what is generally said in the world, that Darrell's daughter eloped with a Mr. Hammond, a man of inferior birth, and died abroad, leaving but one child, who is also dead. Still Lionel does suspect—my very injunctions of secrecy must make him more than suspect that the Loselys are somehow or other mixed up with Darrell's family history. Hush! I hear his voice yonder—they approach."

"My dear cousin, let it be settled between us, then, that you frankly and without delay communicate to Lionel the whole truth, so far as it is known to us, and put it to him how best and most touchingly to move Mr. Darrell toward her, of whom we hold him to be the natural protector. I will write to my uncle to return to England that he may assist us in the same good work. Meanwhile, I shall have only good tidings to communicate to Sophy in my new hopes to discover her grandfather through Merle."

Here, as the sun was setting, Lionel and Sophy came in sight; above their heads, the western clouds bathed in gold and purple. Sophy, perceiving George, bounded forward, and reached his side, breathless.

### CHAPTER V.

Lionel Haughton having lost his heart, it is no longer a question what HE will do with it. But what will be done with it is a very grave question indeed.

LIONEL forestalled Lady Montfort in the delicate and embarrassing subject which her cousin had urged her to open. For while George, leading away Sophy, informed her of his journey to Norwich, and his interview with Merle, Lionel drew Lady Montfort into the house, and with much agitation, and in abrupt, hurried accents, implored her to withdraw the promise which forbade him to inform his benefactor how and where his time had been spent of late. He burst forth with a declaration of that love with which Sophy had inspired him, and which Lady Montfort could not be but prepared to hear. "Nothing," said he, "but a respect for her more than filial anxiety at this moment could have kept my heart thus long silent. But that heart is so deeply pledged—so utterly hers—that it has grown an ingratitude, a disrespect to my generous kinsman, to conceal from him any longer the feelings which must color my whole future existence. Nor can I say to her, 'Can you return my affection?—will you listen to my vows?—will you accept them at the altar?'—until I have won, as I am sure to win, the approving consent of my more than father."

"You feel sure to win that consent, in spite of the stain on her grandfather's name?"

"When Darrell learns that, but for my poor father's fault, that name might be spotless now—yes! I am not Mr. Darrell's son—the transmitter of his line. I believe yet that he will form new ties. By my mother's side I have no ancestors to boast of; and you have owned to me that Sophy's mother was of gentle birth. Alban Morley told me, when I last saw him, that Darrell wishes me to marry, and leaves me free to choose my bride. Yes; I have no doubt of Mr. Darrell's consent. My dear mother will welcome to her heart the prize so coveted by mine; and Charles Haughton's son will have a place at his hearth for the old age of William Losely. Withdraw your interdict at once, dearest Lady Montfort, and confide to me all that you have hitherto left unexplained, but have promised to reveal when the time came. The time has come."

"It has come," said Lady Montfort, solemnly; "and Heaven grant that it may bear the blessed results which were in my thoughts when I took Sophy as my own adopted daughter, and hailed in yourself the reconciler of conflicting circumstance. Not under this roof should you woo William Losely's grandchild. Doubly are you bound to ask Guy Darrell's consent and blessing. At his hearth woo your Sophy—at his hands ask a bride in his daughter's child."

And to her wondering listener, Caroline Montfort told her grounds for the belief that connected the last of the Darrells with the convict's grandchild.

## VIEWS IN AND ABOUT SALT LAKE CITY.

THE picture on the opposite page gives a very fine view of that portion of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, lying east of the main street, next to the east bench of the bench itself, and the range of mountains over which the traveler passes in entering the valley from the east. This view is taken from the observatory of the Council House. The mouth of Emigration Cañon will be easily discovered by the close observer, just at the foot of the long slope descending from the extreme left of the picture. The highest peak of the Wasatch Mountains, here represented, is some 4000 feet above the level of the valley, and is covered with perpetual snow. The large building at the left of this view is Church property, occupied at present by Ezra T. Benson, but designed to be improved and used for hotel purposes. Next it, embowered in the shade trees, is the former residence of President Jedediah M. Grant, deceased. It is now the property of his brother, General George D. Grant, who, according to Mormon usage, has married his brother's five widows, and inherits his property. The dwelling next it is occupied by Bishop Hunter. This group of buildings and their surroundings probably present the most picturesque as well as the neatest and most comfortable-looking spot in the entire city. By far the majority of the buildings in the city are low, one-story structures, containing two or three rooms only.

SALT LAKE CITY, FROM THE OBSERVATORY OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE.—[Photographed by Burr & Mogo.]

## AN HOUR WITH A PICKPOCKET.

It is highly important to those who travel by rail in Europe, where each carriage or compartment holds two persons, and who can not read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable traveling companion.

Having to travel through England very often, and laboring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow-passengers has made me pretty perfect in my judgments. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of Who's Who.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through-carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be very much worse.

Besides myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the *Times* so intently but that he could spare a scrutinizing glance at the new arrival, as I rammed my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a pretty sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in want of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet; and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer (and, indeed, as afterward turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling), so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practiced acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other; and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I hugged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapes.

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did any body who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke; and I replied, tartly,

"I don't understand thieves' logic, nor the language either."

"Ah, I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bareheaded acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know any thing."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other, coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit! You have no ambition to learn, and yet I dare say that you yourself are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavoring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of roguery. You help to elect a Member of Parliament, who votes upon social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one; and yet you—" Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, impassively; "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult!" I exclaimed, with indignation. "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, Sir, I meant no offense," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my whited walls, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-colored aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a thud. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of digits ungloved, and not particularly clean; "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the City Article in the *Times*."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, Sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretense of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whom, doubtless, circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently fitted for far better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because, Sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to one in my situation" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily foregone; besides," he added, reassuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beetroot or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have any thing of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slyly.

"Well, Sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively, "your neckcloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried, in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, derisively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "pray tell; I humbly apologize;" I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my own ill-humor. "It is very true that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation: stiffeners are seldom worn now, and yet your neckerchief had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the thing misfit you, or tickle your neck, because instead of scratching, you simply tapped it, as a man taps his fob to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candor. "I think you an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two, doubtless, that may be out of your respectable beat, and I dare say I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it!" I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologue, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to indorse his lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nefarious acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a school-boy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So affable, so almost friendly, an air pervaded his remarks that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have ever been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces, when a sudden thought struck me, to which nevertheless I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garroting was effected, yet how was I to put such a question to so inoffensive and gentlemanlike a scoundrel? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had failed in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garrote was effected. I trembled for his answer, and half repented of having said any thing so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and becomingly, smiled with the confidence of a master in some art who is ignorantly interrogated as to his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar with his real hands, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, Sir, the garrote is my particular line."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Hugoumont mooted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with the Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington.

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a harlequin, in plain clothes, returning home from the theatre—who had thrown a summersault clean over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterward.

"And you did these feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, Sir," replied he; "but in all cases the garrotees were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, for instance," and he laughed good-humoredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, suiting the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the forearm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe with . . . ."

Where was I? Why was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind as the train glided into Carlisle station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and— Yes, but it did, though, just for one minute, at the junction of the Windermere line, to drop passengers, although not to take them up.

"Guard! guard!"

"Yes, Sir; Carlisle, Sir. A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried, hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes, Sir; very gentlemanly young man with fishing-rod and a landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighborhood."

I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the lost hat itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the diabolical plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bloomer suit of armor in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to crinoline and the small bonnet in preference to that martial costume to which she has been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Previous to the outrage the man's conduct had been certainly quite irreproachable. He reasoned too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my traveling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In the neighborhood of Fayetteville, Tennessee, there lives a very eccentric old wiseacre of a man, known far and near by the familiar name of "Uncle Daniel." He is now seventy-five years of age; and, by dint of industrious licks and his careful shrewdness at a bargain, has succeeded in acquiring a handsome property. His education was very limited, and he is not expert in figures—particularly multiplication and per centum. Once upon a time, when he had sold thirty-five head of hogs at five dollars each, he had two of his neighbors to make the calculation, and both declared the same result—that one hundred and seventy-five dollars was the sum due for the hogs. Not, however, being able to see entirely through the operation by which they arrived at this result, he procured a large number of corn grains, and, seating himself flat on the floor, proceeded to make thirty-five piles of grains, with five grains in each pile, and then, raking them all together in one large heap, he counted out, one by one, and found, to his great satisfaction, that the whole amount was, in fact, one hundred and seventy-five.

But, with all his care and cunning, he was floored most completely, by a neighbor of his, during last summer. In 1856, immediately in his section of country, there were but few of the new Portable Railway Threshers, and the owners thereof required one-seventh for threshing. Uncle Daniel thought the toll too much, and tramped his crop out with his horses, after our "good old way." Last year (1857) threshers were quite numerous, and competition, as it always does, had the effect of lowering the rate of toll, and one-eighth was to be charged. Uncle Daniel made early application to one of his neighbors to thresh his wheat; and, while they were talking the matter over, his neighbor of the thresher informed him that they were charging one-eighth that year, instead of one-seventh as they had done the year before. At this piece of intelligence Uncle Daniel swelled up, and declared he would submit to no such extortion! What! charge one-seventh last year, when there was but one thresher in the whole country, and now, when there were a dozen, charge one eighth! he would not give it! Catching the drift of the old man's error, the thresher man lowered his voice into a confidential tone, and told the old gentleman that they were near neighbors and good friends, and had been so for a long series of years, and that, if he would promise to keep the thing a secret, he would, for old acquaintance' sake, thresh his crop for one-sixth. Uncle Daniel was highly pleased; and, after accepting the offer and expressing his sense of obligation for the kindness, set off for home, chuckling in his sleeve at his good luck. But it was too good a thing to keep. The shrewd old man leaked it out to one of his tenants, who, being something of a scholar, explained the error into which Uncle Daniel had fallen, and made him see the loss he would sustain in giving one-sixth instead of one-eighth.

As the lady of Street Commissioner Hayes, of Newark, recently engaged the services of a verdant specimen of the Emerald Isle, and, upon Ironing day, she was told to get the (clothes) horse and bring it into the kitchen; when Biddy took a fiery steed from the stable, and, after sundry ineffectual attempts, she burst into the presence of her mistress, exclaiming that she could not get the baste in!

To a lady who had lost her husband, Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words, "Oh, madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, madame!"

In an advertisement offering the Woodchester Park estate, Worcestershire, for sale, the auctioneer announces, in a line of capital letters, as one of tempting inducements to purchasers, "Political influence over twelve hundred honest yeomen!"

"Would you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?" said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion.

"Oh no; I should not like to have a cataract always in my eye."

"You don't seem to know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow to a gentleman he had insulted.

"Yes, I do," said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says, "I tell you what, Sir; that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

A CARPENTER'S BILL.—The following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex: "To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, four shillings and sixpence."

Why is an oyster a very strange animal?—Because he's got a beard without a chin, and is taken out of bed to be tucked in.

SMITH. "Well, Jones, this is a glass of good wine, isn't it?"

JONES. "The glass is good enough, but the wine is abominable."

SMITH. "Oh, don't say that. Perhaps you think it would be better for a little more body, eh?"

JONES. "I don't know whether it would be better for more body, but it would certainly be better for less spirit."

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!"

Here is a piquant extract: "He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs."

A boy being asked to explain the word *gregarious*, said it meant lots of things together—like tin peddlers and misfortunes in general.

The Lynn *News* quotes from one of our best poets, that "The *melon cholic* days are come the saddest of the year!"

"What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?" —"Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

"Cesar, what's become ob dat darkey who stole de taller?" "He has been taken up on an affadavy, and carried up to de sperm court to hab it tried." "On an affadavy, Cesar?" "Yes, I seed the handle ob it!"

A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

GOLDSMITH.—Mr. John Croft, of York, paid a visit to Dr. Goldsmith, who then resided in Gray's Inn, in the expectation of gratifying his literary curiosity with a sight of the Doctor's splendid library, which, upon inquiry, was found to consist of two old volumes—one of "Buffon's Natural History," and the other of the "French Encyclopedia," both probably lent to him by his bookseller. This anecdote is recorded in a letter from Ritson to his nephew.

CATCHING THE IDEA.—A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: "Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported thus: "Moses was an *oyster man*, and made *ointment* for the *shins* of his people." Again: "And the Lord smote Job with sore boils." "And the Lord *shot* Job with *four balls*."

Reasons why a *ship* is called *she:*

Because man knows not the expense till he gets them.
Because they are useless without employment.
Because they look best when well rigged.
Because their value depends on their age.
Because they are upright when in stays.
Because they bring news from abroad.
Because they wear caps and bonnets.
Because they are often abandoned.
Because they are often painted.

A RIDING HABIT.—A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, although he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time; whereupon a friend of his archly observed, "that although he had a habit of getting *drunk* it was only his *riding habit*."

"I would have you know, my friend, that I speak from a knowledge of the truth."

"Oh yes, fully a thousand miles from the slightest knowledge of it."

The following question was up for discussion before the Trothollow Debating Association: "When a man can't contain himself, is he too large or too small?" It was decided in the affirmative.

"W—— is an artist of great ability," said one. "I do not know," said another; "I am certain he is an artist of great *irrit*-ability."

"Mind your eye!" as the thread said to the needle. "I will," said the needle! "as *eye* suppose you wish to introduce yourself."

"I'm transported to see you," as the thief said to the kangaroo.

"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Off she started. At night, Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen.

"A candle! why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"

"Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as ye tould me this morning!"

In the street of Leicester one day Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his reverence, said:

"I have been spinning it out."

"Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

"I've risen from the bar to the bench." That's what a lawyer said on quitting the profession and taking up shoemaking.

A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

"Remember the poor!" Oh yes, we all remember them, and—"don't do any thing else."

The following notice from a young man was lately addressed to a Judge of Probate: "SIR: My father departed this life not long hence, leeving a wife and five scorpions. He died detested, and his estate is likely to prove insolvent. I was left executioner, and being told that you were Judge of Reprobates, apply to you for letters of condemnation."

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday-school scholars, a plow-boy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The mune, plase, Sur." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the moon but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Plase, Sur, I should think it was time to get up!"

The bills brought to light by the trick of giving emetics to rascals who swallow counterfeit bills, are always found to be *spew*-rious.

"Grandpa," said a precocious three-year-old, "what's that man doing on that ladder up against that post?" "He's trimming the lamp, Bobby." "No he ain't; he's cutting up shines."

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 20, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs during the past week, and prices closed very firmly....Cotton was less inquired for, and it tended downward. The total receipts at the shipping ports of the United States during the year ending September 1, were $3,113,962 bales, against $2,939,519 bales the year ending September 1, 1857. The total export of Cotton from the United Stotes to foreign ports, during the year ending September 1, were 2,590,455 bales against 2,252,657 bales during the year ending Sept. 1, 1857. Of the crop as rendered by the receipts at the ports, 452,185 bales went into Domestic Consumption, in addition to which 143,377 bales were taken for home use in Virginia, and south and west of Virginia, making 595,562 bales; the smallest annual Domestic Consumption, owing to the intervention of the crisis, in ten years ....Provisions were unsettled during the week, and closed rather quietly....Groceries have been in more demand, and Sugars have advanced slightly....Hay, Naval Stores, and Tobacco have been in fair request....Wool has been moderately dealt in at full rates. The trade in Dry Goods has been animated, and really desirable fabrics have commanded very satisfactory prices. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $959,325 against $1,367,939 the corresponding week of last year ....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $44,722,357 against $79,634,395 the same week last year ....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Unsound State Flour, per bbl. | $3 50 | @ | $4 40 |
| Superfine to extra State, per barrel | 4 95 | @ | 5 60 |
| Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel | 4 95 | @ | 5 30 |
| Extra Western, per barrel | 5 25 | @ | 8 50 |
| Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel | 5 80 | @ | 7 50 |
| Extra Canadian, per barrel | 5 50 | @ | 6 50 |
| Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel | 5 40 | @ | 8 50 |
| Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. | 3 30 | @ | 4 25 |
| Corn Meal, per barrel | 4 20 | @ | 4 80 |
| White Wheat, per bushel | 1 15 | @ | 1 45 |
| Red Wheat, per bushel | 83 | @ | 1 25 |
| Mixed Western Corn, per bushel | 70 | @ | 75 |
| Rye, per bushel | 76 | @ | 78 |
| Barley, per bushel | 72½ | @ | 81 |
| Western Oats, per bushel | 48½ | @ | 52 |
| State Oats, per bushel | 46 | @ | 50 |
| Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel | 42 | @ | 45 |
| Southern Oats, per bushel | 36 | @ | 41 |
| Cotton, middlings, per pound | 13¼ | @ | 13½ |
| Mess Pork, per barrel | 17 35 | @ | 17 40 |
| Prime Pork, per barrel | 15 00 | @ | 15 25 |
| Country Mess Beef, per barrel | 11 50 | @ | 12 00 |
| Cut Meats, per pound | 6½ | @ | 8¾ |
| Lard, per pound | 11½ | @ | 11¾ |
| State Butter, per pound | 14 | @ | 23 |
| Western Butter, per pound | 12 | @ | 17 |
| Cheese, per pound | 4½ | @ | 7½ |
| Rice, per 100 pounds | 2 75 | @ | 3 75 |
| Rio Coffee, per pound | 9½ | @ | 11½ |
| Cuba Sugar, per pound | 6¼ | @ | 8¼ |
| Cuba Molasses, per gallon | 26 | @ | 35 |
| New Orleans Sugar, per pound | 7 | @ | 9 |
| New Orleans Molasses, per gallon | 50 | @ | 52 |
| Hyson Teas, per pound | 27 | @ | 60 |
| Oolong Teas, per pound | 30 | @ | 55 |
| Domestic Whisky, per gallon | — | @ | 24 |
| Hops, new, per pound | 13 | @ | 16 |
| Hops, per pound, 1857 | 7 | @ | 10 |
| Hay, per 100 pounds | 45 | @ | 70 |
| Tallow, per pound | 10½ | @ | — |
| Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds | 3 75 | @ | 3 81½ |
| Spirits Turpentine, per gallon | 48 | @ | 49 |
| Tar, per barrel | 1 75 | @ | 2 12½ |
| Common Rosin, per 310 pounds | 1 70 | @ | 1 75 |
| Linseed Oil, per gallon | 75 | @ | 76 |
| Kentucky Tobacco, per pound | 7 | @ | 14 |
| Seed Leaf Tobacco | 6 | @ | 25 |
| American Fleece Wool, per pound | 27 | @ | 46 |
| " Pulled Wool | 25 | @ | 38 |

Freights were firmer, but not active. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 835 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets were freely supplied last Wednesday with Beeves, for which there was a fair inquiry at about ormer prices....Milch Cows have been more sought after at strengthening rates....Veal Calves have been in good request, and have advanced slightly ....Sheep and Lambs have been more freely dealt in at firmer quotations, as were also Swine....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

| | Week ending *Sept.* 8. | Week ending *Sept.* 15. |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves | 5,801 | 4,703 |
| Milch Cows | 240 | 191 |
| Veal Calves | 530 | 570 |
| Sheep and Lambs | 12,852 | 12,563 |
| Swine | 13,108 | 7,890 |

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Illinois | 1710 | Iowa | 224 |
| Ohio | 935 | Indiana | 205 |
| New York | 339 | Kentucky | 65 |

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Poor to premium Beeves, per pound | $ 5 | @ | $ 8½ |
| Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head | 25 00 | @ | 60 00 |
| Veal Calves, per pound | 4½ | @ | 7 |
| Sheep and Lambs, per head | 2 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| " " per pound | 3½ | @ | 6 |
| Live Swine, per pound | 4½ | @ | 5¼ |
| Dressed " " | 5¼ | @ | 6¼ |
| Roasting Pigs, each | 1 00 | @ | 2 00 |

The Country Produce Markets have been only moderately active; supplies, good; prices, low.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, new, per barrel | $1 00 | @ | $ 4 50 |
| Pears, " " | 1 50 | @ | 15 00 |
| Peaches, per basket | 1 25 | @ | 2 50 |
| Plums, per bushel | 2 50 | @ | 7 50 |
| Grapes, per pound | 3 | @ | 10 |
| Lima Beans, per basket | 50 | @ | 56 |
| Potatoes, new, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 2 25 |
| Potatoes, sweet, per barrel | 1 75 | @ | 3 25 |
| Onions, new, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Turnips, per barrel | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Carrots, per 100 bunches | 1 50 | @ | 2 00 |
| Cabbage, new, per 100 | 2 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| Squashes, per barrel | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Pumpkins, per 100 | 5 00 | @ | 8 00 |
| Green Corn, per 100 ears | 37 | @ | 62 |
| Watermelons, per 100 | 3 00 | @ | 25 00 |
| Nutmeg Melons, per barrel | 62 | @ | 2 00 |
| Tomatoes, per bushel | 25 | @ | — |
| Cucumbers, per 100 | 10 | @ | 25 |
| Egg Plants, per 100 | 3 00 | @ | — |
| Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen | 15 | @ | 16 |
| Eggs, Western, per dozen | 12½ | @ | 13 |
| Chickens, per pair | 37 | @ | 87 |
| Fowls, per pound | 12 | @ | 15 |
| Fowls, per pair | 62 | @ | 87 |
| Ducks, per pair | 62 | @ | 1 00 |
| Geese, each | 50 | @ | 1 25 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 15 | @ | 18 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | 1 00 | @ | 1 75 |
| Woodcock, per dozen | 3 75 | @ | 4 25 |
| Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen | 62½ | @ | 1 00 |
| Plover, per dozen | 1 50 | @ | 2 00 |

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept.* 20, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Sept. 18, 1858 | $3,006,915.... | $871,208 |
| Corresponding week, 1857 | 3,823,208.... | 899,195 |
| Decrease | $816,293.... | $27,987 |

The export of specie was $1,361,140. Besides this, $200,000 were paid into the Sub-Treasury on account of the new loan, and rather more than usual on account of duties, so that it is not likely that the banks hold to-day over twenty-eight millions of specie. Should exchange on Europe be maintained at its present figure, we must anticipate a reduction in our reserve. Exchange closed for the Saturday's steamer at 109¾ @ 110 on London, and at 5.13 @ 5.11¼ on Paris. There is no change in money to report. In consequence of an increased demand for discounts from the merchants, some of the banks endeavored to put up the rate last week, but failed. On Saturday money was offered at four per cent. on call.

Stocks fell on Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday and Saturday there was a partial recovery, but they are still lower than they were, and the market is very dull; there are no outside buyers. The course of the stock market during the week has been as follows:

| | Sept. 11. | Sept. 18. |
|---|---|---|
| Missouri 6's | 84¾ | 84¾ |
| La Crosse Land Grants | 24½ | 24 |
| Delaware and Hudson | 99 | 98½ |
| Pacific Mail | 91½ | 97 |
| Panama | 113½ | 113¼ |
| New York Central | 80 | 78 |
| Erie | 18¾ | 17½ |
| Hudson | 28½ | 27½ |
| Reading | 49 | 47 |
| Michigan Southern | 24¾ | 23½ |
| Michigan Central | 58 | 55 |
| Galena | 83 | 83¾ |
| Rock Island | 72 | 68¾ |
| Toledo | 34 | 33 |
| Illinois Central | 75 | 76 |
| La Crosse | 3 | 2½ |
| Milwaukie and Mississippi | 16½ | 16¼ |

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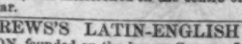
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